

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

MR. T. W. CROTHERS of St. Thomas and Mr. John A. Cooper of Toronto were appointed a commission by the Ontario Government to enquire into the school-book question—the contracts, the cost of printing the quality of the text-books, past transactions and future possibilities. The enquiry was a necessity, and the two men performed their work well. Mr. Crothers, on receiving a cheque for \$2,000 from the Government for his services, sent it back and asked the Government to reimburse him only for the money he had expended—something less than \$200.

Was this a public-spirited act on Mr. Crothers' part? Did he do the right thing? Is he entitled to the admiration of the public?

Mr. Crothers is a lawyer by profession, which makes his action all the more mysterious. Reams of paper and pails of ink are consumed annually in discussing the question as to whether a lawyer is exempt from all those responsibilities of citizenship that rest on his neighbor. We see the lawyer sell his skill and influence to any man who seeks to get an unfair hold on the municipality, the province or the nation. His defense is that being retained professionally he is not acting for himself but for his client.

It is, he says, his duty. After using his skill for years against the people at large, a lawyer will ask the people to choose him as their parliamentary representative—and the people usually feel that he has been their enemy only in a professional or Pickwickian sense, and they send him to Parliament. It is to be feared that even when he goes to the Commons he often continues to plead his professional privilege and accepts "fees from clients" which, if accepted by other members, could be called nothing but bribery. A lawyer is never bought; he is retained. He bears a professional relation to any kind or quality of cash that may be offered him that no other man enjoys. Pitch does not defile him. He may accept money professionally that he would personally detest, and quit work at night with a full wallet and a conscience untroubled. Much might be—much will be—written on the ethics of the legal profession. Perhaps, in time we may see a special course in our educational system for the training of men dedicated to pure law, as distinguished from exploitation, promotion and speculation—men taught to serve the interests of citizenship, to advocate no cause without belief in it, and be, in fact, on the same plane as other men, personally responsible for all they say and do, and held accountable to their consciences for every dollar they earn.

However, these reflections have nothing to do with The Strange Case of Mr. Crothers, except to heighten its mystery. Being a lawyer, he must be a man skilled in the acceptance of easy money. Perhaps, then, it was entirely in his non-professional or citizen's capacity that he served on the commission and later returned the cheque. From that viewpoint some observations are in order. The Liberal party was in office thirty-three years in Ontario, yet there is nothing to show that in all that time they ever sent a two-thousand-dollar cheque to the wrong address. Why did Mr. Crothers put on his party the imputation of being ready to pay two thousand dollars to a man who would accept only two hundred? Why did he not explain himself in time to prevent the mailing of the cheque? His motive must have been to make protest against the paying of commissioners in general, on the ground that men should be willing to render such services without remuneration. Should men serve in such cases without payment? The plan would scarcely work well, because very few men could afford to accept such appointments, neglect their own affairs for weeks or months and receive no return but their actual cash disbursements. The Government would be forced to appoint to such services only men of wealth and leisure; other men, unless they happened to have an interest in the case, would decline to serve. Men of leisure are not always the best investigators; if a thing is to be well done it must, as a rule, be done by busy men. The man who works hardest all day is the one who hunts up night work to do on the side. If we want a hundred-million-dollar Georgian Bay ship canal built we must lay the project before men who are already wrestling with the construction of a transcontinental railway or other huge enterprises. Nobody else will have time—the task would appall anybody not past the point where anything could appall.

If Mr. Crothers' refusal of this cheque became a precedent, few suitable men would accept such appointments; those who did accept would place the Government under obligations to them, and many would expect to be paid in truck, if not in cash. It is better that payments should be made by cheque and entered in the accounts. The money should be forced on the reluctant Mr. Crothers. Mr. Cooper should take his without making any show of resistance. Men should do their work well, be paid a reasonable fee, and the transaction closed. It is the only sound plan in this country of workers.

THE whole history of the strife in Idaho between the union and non-union miners, now brought before the world's attention by the sensational trial of Haywood and others for the murder of ex-Governor Stunenburg, is a story of lawlessness almost unbelievable. The trouble began in the usual way. It was a labor trouble, not different from any other. A certain amount of riot and violence was winked at by the authorities as being inseparable from a conflict between workmen and employers and between union and non-union men. In other places than in the mining centres of Idaho the dangerous policy has been adopted of regarding a certain amount of rioting and violence as permissible. "Let them fight it out and be done with it," men in authority have said, even in Canada, when there have been riots and violence in connection with labor troubles. But before lawlessness had finished its course in Idaho—if it has yet finished—there had been a long list of murders, dynamitings of buildings, pitched battles, a reign of terror in which judges were threatened on the bench, and neither courts nor governments were in receipt of nor entitled to anybody's respect. Murder done by one side was avenged by murder done by the other. If a riotous mob violated the laws, the authorities violated it quite as much, and by his acts you could not distinguish the outlaw from the sheriff, or the sheriff from the outlaw. They were all mad and lawless together, union and non-

vain. Such speculations count for little—the real life of the chicken begin when emerging.

These advocates of increased self-government in India must have been observing recent events. They have seen gather in England a conference of representative men from all important parts of the Empire—except India. In this gathering they saw Gen. Botha, who five years ago was in the field at the head of a Boer army making war on the Empire—now premier of a division of that Empire—while India, whose native troops burned to get into that war remains precisely where she was. What form could the reasoning of India take from the case of the Boers? So, too, it is said, the people of India look with some jealousy on the advancement of the Japanese to front rank as a world power, and to equal alliance with Great Britain, while they remain in a state of inferiority. They feel called upon to agitate, at least, to manifest some discontent—enough to evince a self-respect.

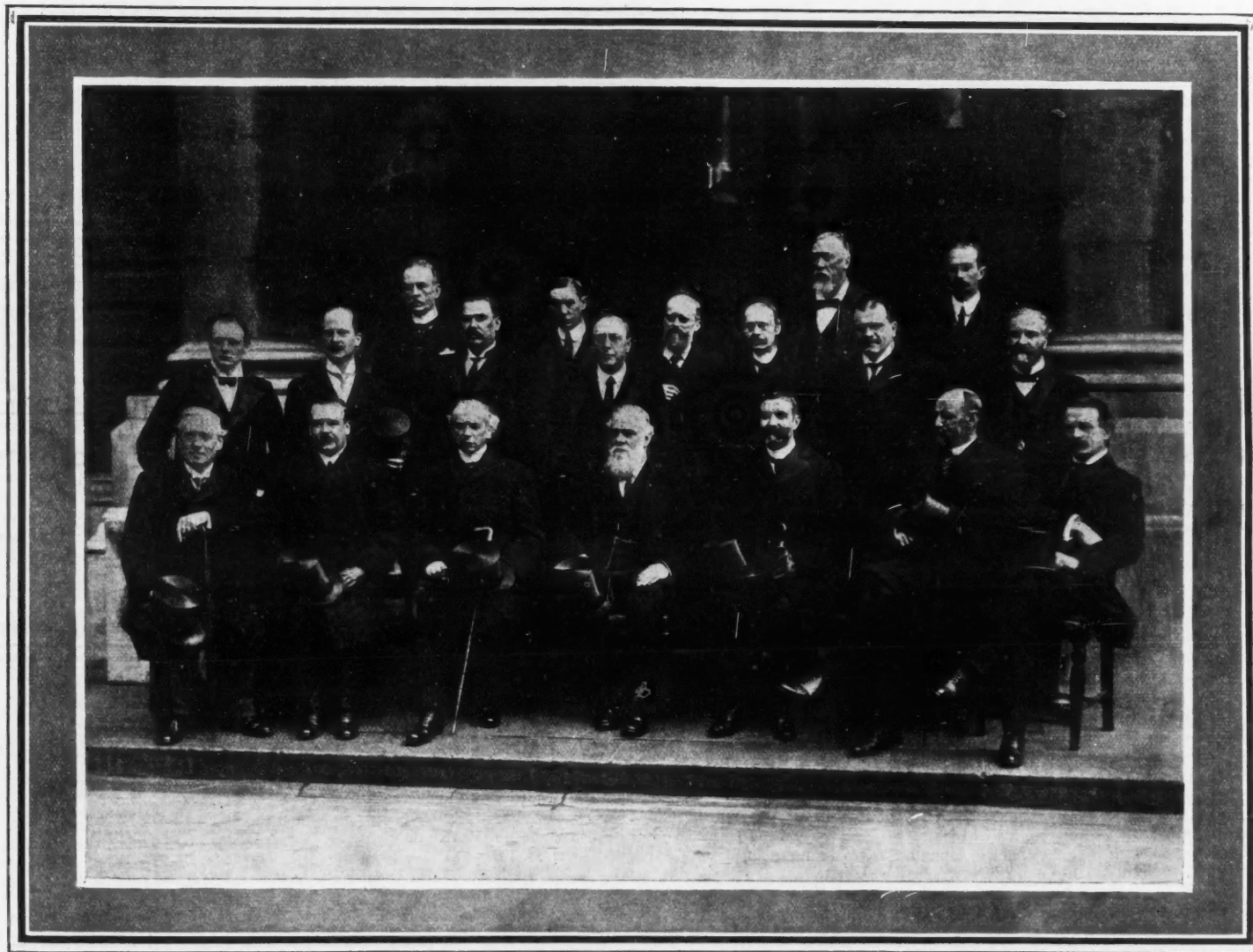
SEVERAL of the colonial premiers in London gave out under the stress of the many public dinners they were called upon to attend, and this has led to considerable discussion in the English press. Some of the editors jest about the inability of the visitors to hold their end up. An accomplished diner-out, the present Lord Mayor

hisses and groans. Pegg learned a useful lesson. A man in a strange country should respect the flag of that country: a fact that some Pennsylvanians who visit Canada in the summer should bear in mind. No doubt Pegg would defend his words by saying that his flag and his country were being reviled by his fellow-workmen when he used the foolish words, but he will not again forget that while a crowd may be foolish and uncivil to a lone individual, it is up to the lone individual to be both wise and civil.

THE master plumbers of Toronto are understood to be making objection to the following shop rules that the Plumbers' Union seeks to impose on them: "Workmen are not allowed to ride bicycles during working hours; foremen are not allowed to handle tools; only two members of a firm can work at their trade." These rules certainly look as if they needed to be objected to. The only purpose in saying that a workman must walk and not ride a bicycle in working hours is that he may accomplish less labor in a day. In fact the object of all three rules is to decrease productiveness, lessen energy and hamper enterprise.

The spirit of such rules and their effect is damaging to all concerned, hampering the employers and deadening the enterprise of workmen. In Great Britain much damage has been done by the introduction of the do-little idea as a principle of the labor unions. It has weakened England in her struggle against the competition of other industrial nations, such as Germany and the United States, and soon the evil will be still more marked as the industrial competition of Japan begins to be felt. Canada is a young country, where every gate is open to the man who has courage enough to step up and walk through it. Most of the men who are employers to-day were among the employed not long ago, and any system is a bad one that would so hamper and tie up a trade that young men who begin at the bench would be afforded no opportunity to exert enterprise, show capacity and win success by deserving it, as men have always been able to do, and should be able to do for generations to come in the new world. When a country grows old and the people become stratified into classes from which it is hard for any individual to break, then, it may seem expedient for a class that appears to be condemned always to remain employed as day laborers to introduce this deadening system of do-as-little-as-you-can; but in a country like this there is no excuse for it whatever, and intelligent workmen should see in it a great evil, calculated to fence them and their children away from the ladders up which nearly all the prosperous men of to-day have clambered.

Such rules as these cannot possibly benefit any but those workers who have no enterprise or capacity and no hope of attaining to any condition better than the present. No man ever made much of a success in a country like this unless he plunged in and tackled with joy all the work he could get his arms around.



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### IMPERIAL CONFERENCE—AN HISTORIC GROUP AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

Reading from left to right: Back row—Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Holderness, Sir William Lyne, Mr. W. A. Robinson. Middle row—Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Botha, Sir J. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnson, Mr. H. W. J. Hon. L. F. Brodeur, Sir Robert Bond. Front row—Mr. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Elgin, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Moor, Mr. Lloyd-George.

union, employer and employed, judge and prisoner, victim and assassin—without anywhere a vestige of just and sane authority revealing itself. The story of the Colorado mining troubles was much the same. In neither case was there shown true respect for law or authority, or any knife, the explosive—for these men reached, and with these they won or were mastered.

FIFTY years ago this month India burst into flame through the mutiny of the native troops and a terrible war ensued. There is nothing in history so shocking, yet so fascinating, as the stories of defeat, despair, massacre and rescue attending the fate of a few scattered handfuls of whites who were in India at that time. For a few days of late it almost seemed as if men on the spot feared another great insurrection in India. There was rioting in some places, arrests were made, troops were hurried from point to point, and in the back of every man's mind was the memory of the black chapter of the past. India, indeed, is enough to make her rulers nervous.

A venerable country with an enormous population, the upper classes highly cultured—yet in vassalage, governed by a mere handful of strangers from beyond seas! The times are calculated to induce unrest in India, and to spread a desire for greater self-government among the younger men of the educated classes. They see no indication that India shall ever secure any greater control of her own affairs than she now possesses unless her people force the issue. A chicken to be hatched must, in fullness of time, break the shell from within, and the time for doing this arrives when the chicken experiences the desire to do it and on trying proves to have the strength. It may be that it possessed the strength long before it had the sense to shape a desire, or it may have had the desire without the strength, and so fretted its impatient spirit in

of London, gives in one of the papers an interview, helpful to colonial visitors, and others who may find it necessary to attend more of these functions than ordinarily. He says that in the last six months he has eaten one hundred and fifty public dinners and presided or taken part in six hundred public engagements, and is in better health than when he began. He has a plan of his own. He makes it a rule to eat no butcher's meat at a public dinner, but to partake only of vegetables and lighter viands. He doesn't smoke at these dinners, nor drink spirits, but confines himself to good wine. The rest of the plan consists in dismissing entirely from his mind any worry about what he is going to say when called upon to speak, trusting to the inspiration of the occasion to prompt him when he arises.

This advice is from an expert and is worth noting. But, the objection may be made that while it may be a good thing for a man not to prepare his speech in advance, nor worry about it before being called on, the speech that bubbles out of its own accord may not always be the best for the health and uplifting of those who have to sit and listen to it. If a speaker does not worry about his speech in advance a hundred others are usually forced to do the worrying while he is on his feet.

GEORGE G. PEGG, a Canadian employed in a mill at Sunbury Pa., was, on Sunday night, accused by a fellow-workman of having called the United States flag "Nothing more than a dish rag." An angry crowd gathered about him, forced him to salute the emblem and carry it on a pole several miles, while frequently threatened that he would be thrown in the Susquehanna river. The march ended on a bridge, where Pegg apologized saying, "I made the remark in ignorance of American respect for the flag of your country, I am very sorry." He was released amid

SOME of the newspapers in the Maritime Provinces, Eastern Townships and in outlying parts of Ontario are expressing very hostile views against the Canadian Government for not renewing the special postal convention entered into twenty years ago between this country and the United States as regards the free exchange of newspapers at the domestic postal rate. Some of these editors are writing in haste, being spurred thereto by the temporary inconveniences imposed on them and by confining their gaze too intently on the one aspect of the case that concerns the temporary losses occasioned them. Might not these writers fairly assume that an action so important was not taken without great deliberation by the Dominion Government, with a full knowledge of the facts, and with a determination to see the thing through, notwithstanding any hasty outcry that might arise. Nor would it be unreasonable to expect that an editor isolated in his office, would take it for granted that when the executive of the Press Association met to consider the new postal treaty—there being present the elected representatives of city dailies, small town dailies and country weeklies, the latter predominating—and unanimously endorsed it, there must be something in the facts of the case weighty enough to deserve consideration. No doubt the feeling shown in some quarters is inspired by the misapprehension that the postal change was brought about as "a concession" to certain classes of Canadian publications—and a man hates to feel that he is being skinned for the benefit of others. Such was not the case. The postal treaty was an exceptional one, and was to continue only while mutually advantageous. Should it be renewed and continued? The postal department at Ottawa declared that the renewal of it was an absolute impossibility. The rate on papers entering Canada from the States was one-eighth, and the rate on papers entering the States from Canada was one-sixteenth, of that prevailing between any other two separately governed countries in the world. The new treaty that has just gone into effect increases the rate either way to one-half that which prevails

between any other two separately governed countries—except where Mexico is concerned.

When the arrangement that has been cancelled went into effect thirty years ago it was soon apparent that we were to carry through our postal service a great deal more mail matter than they were to carry for us. As time went on this disparity grew and grew. Some years ago it was found that Canada was carrying—and receiving no postal revenue on—fifty bags of second-class mail matter for every one bag that we sent to them for free carriage and delivery. Five years ago Canada was carrying one hundred bags to one. This year we were carrying two hundred bags to one. Where was it to stop? Out of an immense volume of mail matter Canada got for carrying 199 bags out of every 200 no return whatever either in the way of like service or in the way of postal revenue. Should the Canadian postoffice go on handling 199 bags of mail for nothing, in order that our publishers should get one bag handled for nothing across the border? Surely those publishers who assert that the old deal should have been continued because it served their convenience and reduced their postage bills could make some more reasonable demand on Ottawa than that the Government should agree to go on carrying two, and presently three and four hundred bags of mail for nothing in order that our publishers could get one bag carried free in the United States. Whatever sound argument there may be against the new postal treaty it in no way concerns the handful of mail that our publishers got carried and distributed for nothing in the neighboring republic.

ON the fifth page of this issue is an article on the subject by Mr. Hal B. Donly, who edits and publishes the Simcoe Reformer, one of the best of provincial weeklies. His views on this question deserve the consideration of other editors of weeklies. In the Toronto News of Monday night there appeared an able exposition of the whole matter written by "H.L." that journal's resident correspondent at Ottawa. The whole case is, in that article, reviewed as a piece of national policy and sound business. In Canada and the United States, and in these countries only newspapers and periodicals are carried by the Government at far below cost, are subsidized in fact. "The American explanation," writes the Ottawa correspondent, "is that it is done to diffuse information of a public character, and to assist the State in the duty of making the citizens of the United States not merely generally intelligent, but intelligent American citizens, permeated with the ideas which make for the maintenance and advancement of the United States." That seems a fairly good reason why the Government of the United States should subsidize the press of the United States, or why the Government of Canada should subsidize the press of Canada. But does it follow that the Government of Canada should subsidize the press of the United States to circulate in Canada?

What are we trying to do here on the northern half of this continent? If we had no purpose but to conduct a Dominion that would be but a little side-show to the Republic, the old postal arrangement was all right. If we want to make a country of our own we have taken an important step forward in the present month.

A PROFESSIONAL man who expresses himself as being in general agreement with remarks in these columns in connection with the new postal convention desires, nevertheless, to submit his own case as showing how much extra per annum a man in his position will have to pay. He submits the names of several good publications from the United States for which he subscribes and the prices before and after the change in the postal rates as follows:

	Before.	After.
Vogue .....	\$4.00	\$5.25
Engineering News .....	5.00	7.00
The Nation .....	3.00	3.50
Science .....	3.00	3.50
Educational Review .....	3.00	3.50
	\$18.00	\$22.55

The new postal rates will cause this reader to pay \$4.55 per annum more than formerly for these five publications. But it will be observed that he subscribes to excellent publications. Does he not subscribe for any English periodicals of like character? If not, is it not because the postage rate from England on such publications has been practically prohibitive? By the arrangements made the postal rate on such publications from the United States has been increased by three cents per pound, while that on such publications from England has been reduced by six cents per pound. The net effect, therefore, of the new postal arrangements is to give Canadian readers access to the best publications of both Great Britain and the United States at, not an increase, but a reduction of three cents per pound. That is to say, the man who was receiving a high-class New York journal for \$4 per year and a high-class London journal for \$6 per year, will now pay one dollar more for the one from New York and two dollars less for the one from London, and get both papers for one dollar less than before.

A reader like our correspondent, who subscribes for technical, scientific and educational journals, took those from the United States partly for economy's sake and he took only those because the postage on them was but one-eighth of the amount he would have had to pay on similar British journals. Now the rate on American periodicals has been increased from one to four cents per pound, and that on British periodicals from eight to two cents per pound—and time will show how the changes operate. The postal rates on publications from across the border have been hoisted to one-half what they have always been on publications from England.

IN the current issue of the Canadian Law Journal the article that occupies the place of honor is one by N. W. Hoyle, K.C. Following this is an article by the editor on "The Bench and the Press," in which some of the Toronto daily newspapers are censured for criticizing the decision of the Privy Council in the Street Railway action. The Law Journal is aghast. It speaks in the highest terms of the Privy Council and deplores the folly of yellow journals in presuming to find fault with anything done by so distinguished a court. The Law Journal hints that it would even feel like indulging in merriment on observing the foolishness of the local press, were the subject not so serious, for the newspapers go the length of saying that appeal to the Privy Council should be abolished.

The Law Journal shows deference to the opinion of Mr. N. W. Hoyle, and I would like to refer that journal to an article by Mr. Hoyle, in the Queen's Quarterly, for April, 1903, on "The Origin and Present Position of the Privy Council," in which there is evidence that others than editors of local journals regard the Privy Council as an unsatisfactory body.

In that article Mr. Hoyle points out that there are in London two courts of final appeal, the House of Lords

and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Each is final. Neither has power to overrule the other. The Privy Council that we in Canada are asked to hold in awe has no standing in Great Britain as a court. Its decisions, if cited in a British court, are rejected as not applying. It is a court, in fact, only for the colonies and dependencies of the Empire. It has many members, but any four of them constitute a quorum. Mr. Hoyle goes on to say: "A lawsuit between a merchant resident in Liverpool and one resident in Toronto may be finally determined in favor of the Liverpool merchant if he brings his action in England, in which case it would go in the last resort to the House of Lords, or in favor of the Toronto merchant if he institutes proceedings in Canada, in which case the ultimate appeal may be to the Privy Council. It is exceedingly unsatisfactory that the final decision in a legal controversy should depend upon where the proceedings happen to be commenced. *Misera est servitus ubi jus est vagum.*"

Mr. Hoyle seems to endorse Mr. Justice Hodges, of Australia, who says there is a strong feeling that what we call the Privy Council is an inferior tribunal to the House of Lords, and who says it is defective from its very composition; from the appointment of men who have retired from the discharge of duties in the East Indies, whose qualifications and mental vigor do not seem to be exactly those that qualify a man to determine a Canadian or Australian or South African appeal; from the fact that it is the first duty of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, to attend to the hearing and determination of appeals in the House of Lords, while the Judicial Committee is only entitled to their services after the discharge of their obligations to the House of Lords. Mr. Hoyle seems to agree with Mr. Justice Hodges and the Toronto press in regarding the present appeal to the Privy Council as unsatisfactory.

It may seem that the people of Toronto are bad losers in connection with the Street Railway case. But it is not a mere game we are playing. The Ontario Court of Appeal brings just as much learning to bear on a case as does the Privy Council, and a much better comprehension of the values and interests of justice involved.

MACK.



SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Mother—Don't ride away with Mrs. Boreham's umbrella, Bobbie.

Bobbie—Why not, mother? I won't hurt it.  
Mother—You might, dear. And anyhow she'll be wanting it directly.—Punch.

## Kicking Horse and some other Passes.

BARRIE, MAY 13, '07.

Editor Saturday Night: In Saturday's issue you give some information about the Kicking Horse and Eagle passes which is hardly correct. The Kicking Horse pass was discovered by Dr. Hector about the year 1857, and it was he who was kicked by horse and was nearly buried alive by his men. Dr. Hector was the chief assistant of Captain Paliser, who was sent out in 1856 to examine the passes of the Rocky Mountains and report on a route for a transcontinental railway. Dr. Hector afterwards became Sir James Hector and Geologist to the Government of New Zealand, and I think died last year. The Eagle Pass through the Gold Range was discovered by Mr. Walter Moberly in 1865, and in an address before the Canadian Club of Vancouver at a banquet given in his honor on 13th of March last, he speaks of his discovery as follows: "Six weeks after leaving New Westminster I reported the discovery of Eagle Pass through the Gold Range, which had hitherto been considered to be an unbroken chain of mountains presenting an impassable barrier for a railway. At the same time I also reported the discovery of the valley of the Illecillewast River penetrating far into the Selkirk range of mountains." This latter led finally to discovery of the Rogers Pass through Selkirk range and on line of C.P.R. Later in his address he says: "In 1866 I sent one of my party, Mr. Albert Perry, to explore through the valley of the south-east fork of the Illecillewast river, and through what is now known as Rogers Pass," and later on says: "Mr. Perry was really the discoverer of that pass—a discovery made twenty years before Major Rogers ever saw the Selkirk Mountains."

In another column of your same issue there seems to be some doubt as to the color of Lord Strathcona's beard. He was known from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean by his associates in the Hudsons Bay Co. and the Indians as "the Red Fox," a name they seemed to think fitted his complexion and character all right.

Mr. S. B. Reed, whom you mention in connection with the Kicking Horse Pass, was never in the mountains in Canada. He was chief engineer of C.P.R. for a very short time in 1882, but previous to that was chief engineer of construction on the Union Pacific Railway, 1865-1869, where the writer had the honor of serving under him.

Yours, F. M.

NEW and fast steamer services are to be put on the Canadian route between Liverpool and Hong Kong, and it is understood that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has outlined the proposal at the Imperial Convention this week. The scheme calls for a twenty-five knot service on the Atlantic and an eighteen knot service on the Pacific, the result being that British mails will be able to travel from Liverpool via Canada to Hong Kong in twenty-two and a half days, while the best done via Brindisi and the Suez Canal is twenty-nine and a half days. This will give the Canadian route a clear advantage of seven days, and this supremacy, if once gained, can be held drawing to the new path a large volume of trade and travel.

THE abstract for 1906 compiled by the United States Bureau of Statistics gives the amount on deposit in savings banks in the various countries of the world. The average account is largest in the Republic, but the number of depositors there is much smaller than in Germany, the United Kingdom, France and Japan. In postal savings bank deposits alone, the average account in Canada is far larger than in any other country.

## Another Tradition Smashed.

THE traditional salutation of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks," is now out of favor with the executives of these states. At the opening ceremonies at the Jamestown Exposition Governor Woodruff, of Connecticut, discovered that Governor Heyward, of South Carolina and Governor Glenn of North Carolina had never met. When an occasion was offered he introduced them. The Richmond Times Dispatch tells the rest:

"The high admirals of two adjoining ships of state shook hands with true Southern cordiality," continues Governor Woodruff: "I was surprised, and I guess I looked it. There was the Governor of South Carolina and the Governor of North Carolina, but where, oh, where was the usual greeting? I coughed, fidgeted uneasily and then said:

"I expected the usual salutation when the Governor—'To be sure,' broke in Governor Glenn, 'I should like to oblige you, but I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.' 'And I, too, would be deeply honored to live up to tradition,' said Governor Heyward bowing deeply, 'but I like my brother Governor, am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'"

It is significant that the Governor of North Carolina should say to the Governor of South Carolina, "I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler," and that the Governor of South Carolina should reply in the same words. It denotes a wondrous change, and a famous tradition is refuted. Hereafter when one gentleman asks of another "What was it the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina?" the reply will be, "I'm a prohibitionist and a teetotaler." Seriously, it denotes a wondrous growth in temperance sentiment throughout the South. And it may be added that one of the prominent candidates for the gubernatorial nomination in Virginia during the last campaign, and who will be a candidate next time is also a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.

## Arthur Stringer and the Safe Man.

A CANADIAN artist, who portrays the ways of wild animals for New York editors, tells this story on Arthur Stringer, the author:

"Seven or eight years ago, when Stringer struck New York, fresh from College life at Oxford, and Harvey O'Higgins came down from Canada to sell a trunkful or two of short stories, they doubled up and took the top floor of that old studio building at 146 Fifth avenue. It was very Bohemian, that top floor, with one whole wall, in what they called 'The Chamber of a Thousand Sorrows,' papered with rejection slips from editors. But in winter it was as cold as charity, for the only steam heat was in the halls. So Stringer and O'Higgins, in those early 'lean years,' used to hang an old burlap curtain across their stairhead, and when the rest of the house had settled down to slumber and quietness, used to take up their beds, or rather, their two-dollar cots, and steal out in their pyjamas to the hallway, to slumber in that nice, warm and steam-heated atmosphere.

"Stringer had been wrestling with a safe-breaking story, and had read a vault advertisement in the back of a magazine where 'catalogues free' were announced. So, naturally enough, he ventured to write and ask for all descriptive catalogues dealing with extra-large burglar-proof vaults. That Fifth avenue address brought a silk-hatted and frock-coated representative of the well-known Broadway safe-makers over, with the catalogues in question, the very next morning. He ascended those shabby studio stairs, flight by flight, with gradually-darkening hopes. When he lifted the old burlap curtain and discovered that the recumbent frame on the two-dollar cot was his dream-of-purchaser, he gave vent to one silent look of disgust and departed without a word!

"And O'Higgins always claimed Stringer threw a milk-bottle at the man for waking him up at ten o'clock in the morning!"

## Sir Ian Hamilton on The Chinese.

IN his extensive work, "The Reshaping of the Far East," published some time since, Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale gave an authoritative and most interesting review of Eastern conditions. Recently he completed a volume, which is now published, dealing with affairs in the Orient in the light of recent conditions arising from the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Portsmouth treaty. The book, in its chapters referring to the remarkable conclusion of the recent war, gives reasons not before advanced for the unexpected termination of the great struggle between Japan and Russia. Mr. Weale says that many difficulties were arising to confront the Japanese in carrying on a further campaign, and that it was on this account that the conditions of the peace treaty were accepted.

Mr. Weale also tells us a great many new and interesting things about the Chinese, for whom it is evident he has much admiration and sympathy. He refers in terms of quite enthusiastic praise to the many movements which the Chinese are carrying out for the moralizing and civilizing of their country. As to the Chinese, considered as individuals and citizens, he quotes with satisfaction from Sir Ian Hamilton, who has this to say:

"The farmers about here and their dependents, wives, womenkind, and children are the most admirable people in the world, so far as I can judge. They are, in fact, a startling revelation, and I have a feeling in their presence as if I had all my life been systematically duped and misled by the stereotyped European and American delineation of the Heathen Chinese. . . . It seems impossible that these dignified, clever, often noble-looking men, and these sensible, practical, hard-working women, should have served as the originals to the Chinese depicted in western literature."

## FISHING SUPPLIES

Lines Reels Rods  
Fish Baskets Bait Boxes  
Trotting Bait  
Fly Hooks and Leaders

RICE LEWIS & SON  
LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets, TORONTO

**Wm Pitt & Co.**  
11 and 13 King Street East  
Acknowledged Leaders for Artistic  
Dinner and Evening Gowns  
Wedding Trousseau  
Opera Mantles  
Tailored Suits  
Paris Kid Glove Store  
Gloves in all the Newest Shapes.  
Evening Gloves in all lengths.  
Corsets—La Grecque and La Sport.

We make a specialty of  
**INTERIOR DECORATION**  
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**Declaration of Dividend**  
**BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS' ASSOCIATION**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 8 1/2 per cent. has been declared on the Preferred stock of the above Association covering the period 20th May, 1905, to 20th November, 1906, payable 20th May next; and that the transfer books of the Association will be closed from the 10th to the 20th May, 1907, both days inclusive.  
Dated at Toronto, the 10th day of April, 1907.  
JIMILUS JARVIS, Vice-President,  
McKinnon Building, Toronto

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



H. B. AMES, M.P.  
Montreal.

TORONTO, MAY 16.  
THE loan market in Toronto is apparently as strong as ever, and bankers have all they can do in supplying the necessary accommodation to their regular customers in trade and commerce. There are really no "bankers' balances" to help out the operator who wants to make a turn on the Stock Exchange. In some cases the money lent on stocks and bonds has been "called," but without any response. This is absolute proof that money is not plentiful. There are, however, some hopeful people, who lay stress on the large exports of grain, cattle and cheese now about leaving Canadian Atlantic ports, and the bills drawn against these no doubt will relieve the situation to some extent. On the other hand, the demand for money continues active, and requirements are even larger than before. The best evidence one could give of the full employment of capital at home is that our banks have within the past six months withdrawn about two-thirds of their foreign investments. The movement is of much importance, as it constitutes a direct reversal of what has been going on for a number of years back. While many Canadians no doubt are pleased by this transference of capital for domestic use, there are others who, having a fuller knowledge of the purposes served by these immediately available assets, doubt the advisability of the banks in pursuing such a policy. In times of emergency at home, it would be desirable to have large foreign balances to draw against. In fact many of our bankers look upon their liquid investments abroad as reserves to meet any crisis that may occur. The domestic situation is not altogether quite clear in the prospective. Some say we are going ahead too fast, the increase in our money supply is inadequate for the strides made in commerce and development. In an interview the other day, Mr. J. Lorne Campbell is reported to have said: "There is such a thing as unwarranted inflation of prices of crude materials and finished products just as there is of over speculation in securities. We believe that the country is now in a period of such inflation. How the country is to escape a pronounced recession in trade within the next six months is to our mind quite incomprehensible, and with a decline in general business must also come a further contraction in security prices."

The attention of the speculator in Toronto the past week was for the most part concentrated on "wheat." The "private wire" houses did a larger business with Chicago than for a similar period in years, and if reports are true, a good deal of money came this way. Out-of-town orders were numerous, and in not a few instances some big profits were secured. But the rank and file, who were near the tape, took small profits and allowed the market to get away from them, or bought at prices above those they had previously realized at. For several days after the market commenced its activity there were really no reactions in prices. The first decline of consequence was on Tuesday, but before the day was out prices had rallied again on reports of a 6 to 7-inches snowstorm in Dakota. Within three days there had been an advance of 10c to 12c per bushel, but the majority of operators took ordinary profits. The backwardness of the season in our Northwest, as well as in the wheat-growing states across the border, and the unusually low temperature, along with unfavorable reports of European crops, are at the bottom of this advance in prices. Fortunately there is a large supply of old wheat in farmers' hands and in elevators, and its enhanced value means much to the country in general. As some people facetiously say, the railway companies ought to be paid a premium by farmers and wheat-holders for not removing this large quantity of stuff to the seaboard while prices were low.

The Supreme Court judgment in Ames v. Conmee reads: "While the broker may lawfully pledge the customer's securities for an amount not exceeding the indebtedness of the customer, any disposition of the securities pledged which has the effect of depriving the customer of his rights to their immediate possession upon payment or tender by him of his indebtedness to the broker will amount to conversion." The above ruling has given rise to a lot of discussion among brokers, and the Toronto Stock Exchange has instructed its solicitor to review the text of the judgment, and give his opinion. The general custom is to pledge securities collectively for a loan. There would necessarily be a good deal of mixed collateral in the bunch, and from the above judgment it would appear as if this common practice would have to be stopped. Perhaps one good thing would result from the ruling, and it is this: Brokers would find more difficulty in selling stock of unknown merit on margin. Banks and loan companies do not like to lend and generally refuse to take such collateral except when accompanied with other securities of undoubted merit. If this judgment prevented trading in securities of uncertain value the public would be benefited. At all events, it would curtail the dealings in a large class of securities which are classified as wild cats.

The Imperial Bank of Canada issued this week its thirty-second annual report. The statement at hand is for the twelve months ended April 30 last, and the showing should be highly satisfactory to shareholders. The paid-up capital stock within the year has increased from \$3,927,741 to \$4,773,948, while the net earnings were \$719,029, or over 16 per cent. on the average paid-up capital. Three quarterly dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and one at the rate of 11 per cent., aggregating \$453,217, were paid shareholders. The premium of new stock, \$846,206, was carried to rest account, and this fund is now \$4,773,938, or the same as capital. After writing off \$116,391 for bank premises and furniture account, the sum of \$426,316 was carried forward. The liquid assets of the Imperial Bank are \$18,898,042, or over 50 per cent. of the total liabilities to the public. Current discounts and advances are \$25,715,495, and the deposits \$31,928,099, the latter showing an increase of \$3,430,000 within the year.

The Bank of Montreal has an exceptionally good half-year, as shown by the statement for the six months ended

April 30. Net profits were 982,838, as compared with \$840,562 for the corresponding six months of the previous year, an increase of \$142,296. The balance at credit of profit and loss account is now \$422,680, as against \$159,831 on October 31 last year. The reserve fund is \$11,000,000, and paid up capital \$14,400,000. Deposits at the close of the half year totalled \$130,881,130, as compared with \$110,645,982 at the corresponding date of last year, an increase of no less than \$20,235,148. Call and short loans in Great Britain and the United States totalled \$27,025,937, as compared with \$23,361,546 on the corresponding date of last year, an increase of \$3,664,391.

The number and magnitude of bank buildings which are in the course of construction or upon which work is about to begin in Montreal is almost beyond belief. On St. James street the Royal Bank has under way a head office which when completed, will be one of the most perfect of its kind on the continent, and will, incidentally, run into a great deal of money. The same institution has on St. Catherine street, in the centre of the shopping district, a branch in the process of building. On St. James street, at the corner of McGill, the Eastern Townships Bank is about to begin work on a lordly structure. The Bank of Toronto is about to construct another, larger and still more expensive; while the Canadian Bank of Commerce will, with its new St. James street building, vie with even the Bank of Montreal for magnificence. Talking with a well posted architect the other day, this gentleman remarked that while knowing nothing of the actual cost he was under the impression after looking over the plans that this building, including the ground, will cost not less than a million and one-half dollars. Imagine this for a branch bank! The like of it has never been heard of on this continent. Still, the banks are able to pay large dividends yearly and set aside substantial sums for the reserve account, and yet keep on building and building and pay the bills without adding substantially to their building accounts. There is evidently a vast deal more money in the banking business than the ordinary mortal wots of.

Word reached me from a private source on Wednesday of this week that the street railway employees of Toronto had secretly organized and fully arranged that unless they got all they had demanded by way of concessions from the company, they would go out on strike early on Saturday morning without any preliminary warnings or outwardly visible preparations that would invite negotiators to interfere. The idea of this was explained as follows: Large crowds would be in the city for the annual spring race meet; the service being paralyzed suddenly at such a time would force the company to act quickly. If warnings were given representatives of the people would interfere and seek to bring about a settlement and the company would negotiate cheerfully with the object of tiding the trouble along until the big rush during the races was over. In this way the advocates of a sudden strike justified their strategy.

This is all very well as a plan of war, but the street car employees of Toronto must bear in mind that in Canada we have had legislation passed designed specially to protect the general public from unnecessary damage and annoyance in disputes between employer and employed where public services are concerned. Were the street car men to act in the arbitrary way suggested they would offend the public opinion of the city and the country and put themselves hopelessly in the wrong. Their act would mean that they defied Parliament and rejected those provisions by which it is hoped that all-round justice can be served—and rejected these provisions without giving them a fair trial. The people are entitled to an uninterrupted car service—a fact the company must recognize and a fact also that the employees should recognize, and if they do not, they should incur the censure of public opinion and receive little sympathy. It may be that the men in striking would do so in the hope that the service would be taken over and operated temporarily on behalf of the public. But if the men should strike under conditions unfair to all concerned, no action should be taken by the authorities that would play into their hands. It is to be hoped that the men will not listen to those who give them rash advice.

In the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT of May 4 there was a "Front Page" paragraph calling attention to the frequency with which news came of late from points in Canada and the United States telling of railway accidents due to the broken rails. The question was asked: "Why should rails break in this way?" Nothing of the kind was heard of until quite lately, and the suggestion was offered that "the makers of rails are cheapening their product." This is what the Scientific American has created a sensation by charging that such is the case. Rail-making in the United States is the monopoly of one big company, and the charge is that the concern has so cheapened its product that all these disasters with loss of life and property are the result. The rail-makers have introduced cheaper and quicker methods of manufacture—they make money, but others lose money and the death-roll increases enormously. The Scientific American proposes to produce evidence that the rails being made are unfit for the uses to which they are being put. The Canadian Railway Commission should at once investigate the matter and prohibit the laying of shoddy rails. There appears to be no point beyond which some men will not go in the pursuit of profits, and seems to be necessary even in matters of life and death to guard against the adulterator.

The only important movement in local stocks during the week was the decline of some half a dozen dollars per share in Canadian Pacific common stock. As was natural brokers were besieged with inquiries on the part of clients and others as to the cause of the decline. The selling is said to have originated in Berlin, where a good deal of the stock is being carried. The New York bears no doubt did their share in selling the stock, and some liquidation

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The S. W. Corner Spadina and College Branch is under the management of Mr. Victor W. S. Heron. Every attention is paid to Savings Accounts, and for the special convenience of persons in that district the Bank is open for business from 7 until 9 o'clock every Saturday evening.

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BOTH Fashion and good taste demand suitable shoes for every occasion. "Queen Quality" Shoes enable you to indulge this taste without extravagance. And with the charm of variety and correct style, they combine moderate price. "Queen Quality" Shoes present a shoe for every occasion, a style for every taste, a fit for every foot. We want you to see the beautiful low cut styles we are now showing at \$3.75 and 4.70 a pair.  
THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

**Imperial Bank of Canada**  
DIVIDEND NO. 67**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**

That a dividend at the rate of (11 per cent.) eleven per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the First of May Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1907, the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 26th March, 1907.

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Comfort and Elegance of appearance ensuring your perfect satisfaction. It's a pleasure to demonstrate it.

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came from holders who are dissatisfied with the prospects of the wheat crop in the Northwest. Half a crop of wheat this year would have some effect on the traffic of the road, and perhaps would retard the flow of immigration to some extent. This, however, is mere conjecture. The road is congested with business, and earnings are satisfactory. The report of a new issue of stock being contemplated is offset by the statement that the company has hardly begun to use the proceeds of the previous issue owing to the difficulty in getting labor and supplies. The real reason for the decline in the price of the stock is probably due to the fact that it has been selling much above its value. Money is worth 6 to 7 per cent., and the return on C.P.R. is only about 4 per cent. It is not likely that dividends will be increased in the near future, and as compared with the Hill properties, the shareholders of which are always pretty well looked after, the price of C.P.R. looks high.

**Social and Personal**

THE usual happy gathering of the directors and friends of the O. J. C. at luncheon on opening day takes place to-day at 1.15 at the Woodbine. Afterwards the usual immense crowd will cheer the King's Plater on to victory. Quite a number of visitors in town will attend the races.

Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east is sailing for England on the 24th, to be present at the marriage of her son, Mr. Chas. Boone, which takes place in June.

Congratulations have been many to Sir John and Lady Von Hoogenhouck Tulleken on the arrival of a son and heir. Lady Tulleken was Miss Frances Dignam of St. George street, and now resides with her husband at The Hague, Holland.

Miss Mildred Sankey, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey, who left for the Northwest to visit her uncle some time ago, has become the happy bride of Mr. Willard Park Malone, manager of the Northern Bank at Macleod, Alta., where the wedding took place last Thursday morning, May 9. The bride, who is a very beautiful girl, wore a travelling costume of green cloth, and was attended by her little cousin, Miss Isabel Ponton. The best man was Mr. Scougall. Mr. and Mrs. Malone will visit Toronto during the summer.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Alice Moulson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Moulson, to Mr. George Moray Anderson, will take place on Tuesday, June 4, at St. Simon's church at half-past two o'clock. A reception will follow the ceremony at 31 Chicora avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Alexander announce the engagement of their daughter, Irene, to Mr. Gordon S. Gooderham, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham.

A lecture was given by Prof. F. J. A. Davidson of Toronto University on "The Beginnings of the Renaissance in Italian Literature" on Wednesday evening at the gallery of the Woman's Art Association in the Confederation Life Building.

Two little plays given by the Alliance Francaise on Saturday evening in Conservatory of Music Hall had the advantage of being presented by French people the cast, with one or two exceptions, being of that nationality. The various roles were exceedingly well taken by M. Le Baron De Champ, Madame La Comtesse Rochereau de la Sabliere, M. Barhault and others.

Commander and Mrs. Law and Miss Law left early this week for their summer home in Muskoka. Mr. John Law, who is still convalescing from his late severe illness, will join them later.

Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a very pretty luncheon at the club on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth. Besides the guest of honor, those who enjoyed the pleasant event were Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Ballantyne. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, who has been visiting Mrs. J. F. Lister, expected to return to Ottawa last night.

A very welcome gift of the stork was a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Chillas on May 13.

The marriage took place in New York on Saturday, May 11, of Mr. Charles E. A. Goldman of Toronto to Miss Celina Kingan Ansley of New York.

Dr. H. B. Anderson, 34 Carlton street, has left town to spend a few months in Germany.

A Cinderella dance was given at Mr. Walter Beardmore's on Saturday night for the young friends of his sons. A few favored young married people were invited.

Mrs. Anna Booth Stratton, Summerhill ave., will spend the summer in London and Oxford. She sailed May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Griffith, 316 Palmerston boulevard, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Emma, to Mr. S. H. Cutts, Toronto Junction. The wedding will take place early in June.

The friends of Mr. Alfred Beardmore gave him a surprise party at his house on Friday evening which was exceedingly enjoyable. It was particularly noticeable for the number of pretty women present.

Dr. and Mrs. McCoy of St. Catharines returned home on Saturday after a very successful week at the Montreal Horse Show. Dr. McCoy sold his splendid pair of bays, Mikado and the Sultan, for a very high figure.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter have arrived at the Del Monte, California, on their way up from southern California, where they have spent the last seven months. They will proceed home via the Canadian Pacific, and are

The foreign trade of Canada continues to develop at a rapid rate, although in some cases the movement cannot be said to be favorable to the Imperial idea. The aggregate trade for the year ended March 31 was \$612,581,351, an increase of \$92,129,995 over the previous twelve months. Our imports increased \$60,000,000, while our exports increased only \$32,000,000. The comparatively small increase in exports is no doubt due to the difficulties experienced during the winter in getting the produce of the Northwest moved to the seaboard. While Great Britain is our best customer, Canada is the third best customer of the United States. We imported goods to the value of \$208,721,000 from the United States during the past year, while they took from us only \$109,773,000 worth. On the other hand, Great Britain took from us \$134,500,000 in produce and manufactures while we bought from them to the value of only \$83,229,000.

expected to arrive in Toronto toward the latter end of the month. I am glad to hear that Mr. Hunter has fully recovered his health.

Mrs. Andrew Darling, Sussex court, has returned from a visit to her relations in New York and New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Hastings announce the engagement of their daughter, "Birdie" Marion, to Mr. Frederic J. Mayo of Toronto. The marriage will take place on Wednesday, June 5.

**Incidents in the Life of the Empress Eugenie.**

"THE Life of the Empress Eugenie," by Jane T. Stoddart, recently published, is a valuable and interesting work. As The Argonaut's reviewer says the authoress has done her work very well and has brought the character of the empress nearer to popular comprehension than has been done before. She has a happy faculty of illustrating character by the relation of incident. She speaks of the emperor's subjection to the peepings and mutterings of the occult charlatans who, like leeches, fastened themselves upon him. He consulted the "prophet" Edmond and asked him:

"Shall I be assassinated?"  
"No, sir."  
"Shall I die of disease?"  
"Yes, in your bed."  
"The disease I am suffering from now?"  
"Yes."  
"Tell me the truth at once. I wish to know it."  
"Well, then, it would be better for you to die at once, for you will have to suffer the most cruel trials of your life before a year is out, and France also, through you. The hour of your rise is over, the descent is beginning."  
"Could I have avoided it?"  
"Twice, if you had had the energy to will."  
"Home predicted that my son would not reign."  
"No son of a Napoleon who has reigned will ever ascend the throne."

The life of an empress is interesting and important from one, or both, of two causes. She must be fascinating and clever, or she must exercise a profound influence upon the people at whose head she stands. It may be doubted if the Empress Eugenie can be placed under either of these classifications. While she was able undoubtedly to exercise a certain influence over the gallantry and chivalry of France she failed to make that influence a permanent one by grace either of heart or of head. She might have appealed to the imagination of France and of the world and so have compensated for the weaknesses of the emperor, but probably it never occurred to Eugenie that she had a public part to study conscientiously and play adroitly. It may be doubted if she had any other conception of political duty than the duty of the nation to show a loyal devotion to herself. There was never yet an imperial couple who so deliberately invoked their own misfortunes or who sank into oblivion so unaccompanied with regrets.

The charm that the empress exercised over men of her day was no doubt real enough, but it was not of the kind that avails:

Marshal Canrobert tells how he and Edgar Ney, after seeing her walking one afternoon on the damp road near the Elysee gardens, went down and with a handkerchief measured the exact length of her foot. The empress saw them from her window, and called "What are you doing?" They pretended that they were only seeking a lost handkerchief, but she understood.

We are told that she took no offense. Of course she didn't.

When the empress was finally driven from Paris she left behind her a wardrobe valued at 4,000,000 francs. There were fifty parasols in one drawer and her furs were worth 600,000 francs. She also left behind her a country racked by war and desolation by invasion and an estranged people whose love she might have won and worn.

A number of years back a burly western Kansas man gave his nephew, a lad of fifteen years, an unmerited chastising. The boy promised his assailant a like compliment when he became a man, and he did not forget the words uttered in the heat of passion. The uncle was about his duties on the farm one day last winter, says The Argonaut, when a husky six-footer came up and gave him a glorious thumping. It was the fifteen-year-old nephew only he was six years older. Then the uncle sued for \$1,000 for personal injuries inflicted. An unsympathetic jury couldn't see it that way, and he took the case to the Supreme Court. Last week that august body handed down a decision affirming the lower court's decision.

Vice-President Fairbanks is entertaining at Washington much more liberally and frequently than formerly, and has employed a chef who takes precedence as a buyer with the market people of even the White House chef. Gossips say his living expenses have suddenly jumped from a rate of \$20,000 per annum to \$100,000.

Winston Churchill's royalties on "Colston," by which he receives thirty cents for each copy, are said to have already passed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

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**Three and one-half per cent. per annum**

One dollar opens an account. Depositors are afforded every facility and the unexcelled security of

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**MOUNTAIN DEW**  
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## CANADA'S CHANGED POSTAL POLICY

The Situation as it Was—The Reasons for a Change as They Appear to the Publisher of a Provincial Weekly.

BY HAL B. DONLY.

THE new postal convention, as it affects the passage of newspapers and other periodicals, from their offices of publication in Canada or the United States, to subscribers in the other country, continues to occupy attention. Naturally the press of Canada was the first to be heard from here, and I will first deal with the subject, as I have come to believe that it concerns the Canadian publisher.

In view of the repeated requests made to Ottawa, by the recognized organization of Canadian newspapermen, that the old convention be denounced, it is strange that so nearly unanimous a chorus of disapproval should now go up from the press of the country. Liberal and Conservative writers vie with each other to see which can hurl the larger bricks at the heads of our postal authorities. Here and there only has a voice been raised in commendation. And yet when the executive of the Press Association gets together to consider what its duty is in the premises, it unanimously votes to adhere to the stand it has taken for many years, and in terms that fall little short of laudative congratulates the Canadian Postmaster-General upon his accomplishment. Even to the layman this must seem peculiar; and doubtless there are to-day throughout Canada hundreds of publishers who wonder where they are at and why their interests have been abandoned by their chosen representatives. My object is to attempt some explanation of this seeming anomaly.

When it was first wired from Washington that, at the instance of the Canadian authorities, the old postal convention had been abrogated and a new one entered into that would compel Canadian newspapers to pay a rate of four cents per pound, if addressed to subscribers in the United States, instead of the former rate of half a cent per pound, I was not favorably impressed. I did not need to be told, of course, that the Ottawa officials were not seeking to do Canadian publishers unnecessary harm. It was quite plain that their object was to dam out, if possible, the flow of American periodicals that has been growing in volume for years. No one disputes the desirability of keeping many of these publications out of the country. Better even than this would be their total suppression by Uncle Sam himself. But there are periodicals from the United States that Canadians read with profit, and it appeared to me to be the part of unwisdom to put good and bad alike under the ban simply to protect Canadians from the undesirable ones.

But when I came to that decision I was far from being fully informed of all the facts that actuated the Canadian Postmaster-General. No one, until shown the official figures, could have any conception of how jugs-handled the old arrangement was. The press deputation was told in Ottawa last week, that for every bag filled with second-class matter sent by Canadian publishers to the United States, the publishers south of the line sent two hundred bags in return. There has been considerable growth in the publishing business in Canada since 1887, when the original convention was agreed upon, but this growth bears little or no proportion to the tremendous expansion in the number and circulation of the mail order and fake advertising journals dumped upon the Canadian postal service by United States publishers, overloading our mail cars, choking the service, seriously impeding it in its legitimate duties and threatening a large addition to the staff with consequent greater expense to our postal department.

There was no redress to be looked for from Washington. Had the authorities there been disposed to adopt a right classification to entitle periodicals to second-class rating, another way out might have been found. But vested interests are paramount there, and various attempts to bring about reforms have been promptly headed off by the lobby of the fake publications. One has only to read the story of the Lowd Bill (a measure framed to raise the rate on second-class matter to the actual cost of handling it), the Augusta publishers and the Maine Senators, to understand how futile it would have been to look south for help.

AND so Mr. Lemieux had to choose between two alternatives. He could continue the old convention and go on being a delivery boy for United States publishers, without salary, and get even by raising the domestic rate on second-class matter; or he could do as he did do, viz.: tell the United States authorities that the old rate was no longer a possibility, and that if they were not disposed to make a new convention, putting second-class matter up to four cents per pound, then international union rates would have to apply, these rates being eight cents per pound on newspapers and five cents per half ounce on letters. At first, so it has been learned, Uncle Sam's representatives took the position that it would have to be a renewal of the old convention, or international union rates. But upon discovering that they were dealing with British negotiators of a new sort, more disposed to put on their hats than hold them in their hands, the able and astute United States officials got into line as gracefully as they could and signed the new convention.

Had the Canadian delegates been able to get everything they wished, it would have been provided that the new rate would not become effective until January first next. This the Washington people would not consent to. To-day United States publishers are doing everything in their power to get the extension. If they are successful in altering the views of the Washington postal officials, the Ottawa department will be prompt to meet them.

CANADIAN publishers should consider these salient facts:

(1) No agreement exists between any two countries in the world similar to the postal convention between Canada and the United States, save only the one between Canada and Mexico.

(2) In no country on earth is the domestic rate on second-class matter as low as it is with us. There is but

one country in Europe with a domestic rate as low as the new rate between Canada and the United States.

(3) The Canadian publisher had no vested right to a continuance for ever of the extraordinary privilege he enjoyed in the mailing of his papers to the United States. It was a privilege granted when conditions were vastly different to those that exist to-day. It was a privilege granted when it entailed no burden upon anyone.

(4) The problem to which the Canadian Postmaster-General had to find a solution was not simply the continuance or discontinuance of the old rate. A change was a foregone conclusion, an absolute business necessity. He had to decide whether he would raise the rate to the United States or raise the domestic rate.

The Postmaster-General chose as he did, and I, as a country publisher, frankly admit that my hastily formed first opinion was an error, based on incomplete information. In the light of fuller knowledge I heartily endorse the action of Mr. Lemieux as being wise from a business standpoint, and as being a piece of robust Canadianism as well.

FOR there is another side to this question than that which deals with the post-office bills of Canadian newspapers. It is of vastly greater dimensions and should be of more concern to the people of this country. The Dominion is out of its swaddling clothes and in the lusty strength of its young manhood is learning to do quite a few things very well; every time our foreign trade gains a hundred million we can hear the cheers as they roll from Atlantic to Pacific; we count the weekly gain to our population as the peoples crowd to our shores from the ends of the earth, and speculate on how many new acres of wheat growing lands each year's increase in population will mean; we grow eloquent upon our wealth of forest and of mine, and talk in swelling figures of the expansion of our mills and factories. But will all these material increases suffice? Can we expect to build up a nation upon a certain number of quarters of wheat or tons of pig iron? Are we to keep on forever giving no thought to the country's press and entertaining no desire for a literature of our own?

It has been said that in the past no harm has come to us through the reading of an alien press. Quite so; but never before was that alien press so prolific, so aggressive as it is to-day. And what of the strangers who are gathering within our gates? It is the boast of our neighbors that the citizens they are losing to our West are still their people and that they purpose following them with their papers and magazines, determined to keep them "good Americans." Surely it is beyond the reasonable, if Canadians are really in earnest in their expressed desire to build up a Canadian nationality, to expect them to furnish the facilities and pay the cost of their own undoing.

We put a tariff charge upon harvesting machinery and called upon the agriculturists of the country to bear the consequent burden, that we might build up an industry in Canada. When at last our trade grew to be a real factor, and the big harvester combination was forced across and built a mammoth establishment in Hamilton, every Canadian rejoiced. And the wheels in the factory had hardly begun to turn when they issued their first advertising calendar, and the figure upon it was a boy entwined in the folds of a Canadian flag and the sentiment beneath him was "I'm British Too." My desire is to see the United States publications that have circulations in Canada worth considering, compelled to come over with branch establishments and, like the International Harvester Co., become British too.

FIVE years of the new postal convention will work wonders. Such a period will see a marvellous expansion, both of quantity and quality, in the periodical press of this Dominion and a corresponding decrease in the importance and influence of United States publications. The result cannot help being favorable to the upbuilding of Canadian national sentiment, something it would be idle to look for, if our postal service was left free to the activities of American circulation managers.

Nor is this all. To-day if a young Canadian, man or woman, develops a talent for literature or for illustration, there is but one market for the wares he or she produces. We want the privilege of offering some inducement to keep our Laits, our Roberts, our Carmens, our Stringers, our Hambridges, at home. We can never have that privilege if we keep on carrying to our people United States newspapers and magazines for nothing.

Simcoe, May 13, '07.

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### Social and Personal.

THE presentation of the Bardell-Pickwick trial by members of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship, which took place in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, was capably done, and received with much applause by audiences taxing the capacity of the hall. In fact, so numerous was the patronage accorded to this first dramatic venture of the society that a third presentation was given this week. The dramatization of the famous trial was done by Mr. J. W. Bengough, who himself took the place of the judge in a capital make-up. His interpolation of a speech for Mr. Bell-Smith, who took the part of Sergeant Snubbins, was sometimes not quite in the Dickens vein. But Mr. Bell-Smith's delivery left nothing to be desired. The two principal characters, Sergeant Buzfuz and Mrs. Bardell, were taken by Mr. E. S. Williamson, president of the Fellowship and Mr. Stafford, the latter being such a very attractive plaintiff that it is a wonder so gallant a gentleman as Mr. Pickwick ever allowed the suit to come to court. Mr. Bennett, as the perfidious Pickwick was admirable, both in make-up and action, and his faithful attendant, Sam Weller, received a most dapper presentation by Mr. Milton Lee. The great speech of Sergeant Buzfuz was delivered by Mr. Williamson with telling strength and expression. The jury were simply immense, twelve such freaks of humanity rarely being assembled on any stage. Mrs. Bardell's two friends, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Saunders, had evidently agreed with her that it was more advisable to look as pretty as they could than to attempt to reproduce the dreams of Dickens' illustrators. All others taking part in the play acquitted themselves admirably, and the Dickens Fellowship is justly punting itself on the great success of the affair.

A rumor has reached Canada that among the recipients of birthday honors will be Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, who is now with his daughters in England.

Mr. Bruce Riordan, son of Dr. Riordan, is now with the Grand Trunk in London, Ontario, where he is pleasantly situated and getting on very well.

Mr. Harcourt is living at the St. George during the absence of Mrs. Harcourt in Europe. Mrs. Harcourt left this week for the Continent, to be with her daughter, who is studying there.

Among the many pretty wedding gifts given to Miss Sheila Macdougall is a fine painting by Miss Estelle Kerr of a Frenchman, who is called by the artist "The Anarchist."

Miss Florence Taylor, who has been in Europe for eight months, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, 432 Markham street, are sailing on the first of June for Montreal for a summer abroad.

The marriage of Miss Sheila Macdougall and Mr. Jay Case, which takes place in St. Paul's Church at a quarter to four on Wednesday, will be a very simple ceremony. The bride will be attended by her life-long friend, Mrs. Adam (nee Rolph) as matron of honor.

Sir William Mulock has succumbed to the fascination of the motor car, and purchased a fine auto. Sir William and Lady Mulock will shortly go out to their summer place at Newmarket for the summer.

Miss Hill the president of the Toronto Travel Club, and one of the most experienced and cultured travellers in Canada, entertained the club on Monday afternoon at her home in Baldwin street.

Mr. George Christie Gibbons and Miss Gibbons of London are expected to be in town this week for the opening day of the races.

Miss Edith Harman has returned from a visit to Woodstock.

Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow and Miss Edith Clemow arrived in town this week, and are visiting Mrs. Capron Brooke. Miss Gwen Clemow, who has been in England with Sir Charles and Lady Ross, is on her way to Toronto by the Victorian.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell of Chatham have returned from Los Angeles, California.

The following Torontonians attended the concert given by the Vienna choir in Buffalo on Monday night: Dr. A. S. Vogt, Dr. Harold Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss

Graham, Miss Smart, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Frank Blachford, Mr. Henry J. Lautz, Mr. Thomas Bilton, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Edmund Phillips.

Captain, the Hon. Frederick Guest, son of Lord Winborne, was the host recently at a luncheon in London, England, given in honor of the representatives of the colonial newspapers in the British metropolis, for the Conference. Covers were laid for twenty-two. Speeches were made by Captain Guest, Sir Henry Norman and Sir Douglas Straight. Captain Guest has lately resigned his commission in the Life Guards to enter upon a political career. Both he and Sir Henry Norman have been in Canada, and are known to a large number of people here.

Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole are settled in their new home at 39 Howard street. Mrs. Cattermole, Sr., and Mrs. Waterman (nee Cattermole) will be with them for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter have gone for the summer to their country home, The Cedars, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and the Misses Kingsmill are on a short trip to Washington and other southern points.

The Misses Aikens, whose house is at present occupied by the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney, sail for Canada from England on the first of the coming month.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald of Jarvis street has returned from Montreal.

The funeral of the late George Frederick Marter took place on Monday. Mr. Marter was born in Brantford, Ont., sixty-seven years ago, and lived in Toronto since 1893. He had a long and honorable public career. Municipal affairs in Norfolk County and in Muskoka engaged his attention largely previous to his entering the arena of provincial politics in 1886. In that year he was elected to represent the district of Muskoka in the Ontario Legislature. It will be recalled that in 1894, upon the retirement of Mr. Meredith, now Sir William Ralph Meredith, as leader of the Conservative Opposition, Mr. Marter was chosen as his successor. His uncompromising attitude, however, on several delicate matters of policy, such as prohibition, which he strongly favored, caused a split in the party, and in 1896 he resigned the leadership, being succeeded by Mr. J. P. Whitney, the present Premier.

Miss Ritchie, Edinburgh, Scotland, is staying with Mrs. Alexander Nairn, Jarvis street.

Judge and Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. F. Berkeley sail from England for Canada to-morrow.

Mrs. Macdonald, Goderich, has been visiting Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth.

Professor Clark of Trinity College is at present in Ottawa, the guest of Rev. M. A. Snowden.

Mr. George Grey, nephew of His Excellency the Governor-General, has returned to Ottawa from Cobalt, and is spending a few days at Government House before sailing for England.

Mr. Halford Pringle, son of the member of the Commons for Cornwall, and Mrs. Pringle are coming from Ottawa to reside in Toronto.

Mrs. Alan Aylesworth has returned from Ottawa, where she has been visiting for some time.

Mr. Herbert Osmund Eddrup sailed on the Virginian on Friday of last week to spend the summer with friends in England and Paris.

Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton sailed for Canada from England on the 15th inst.

Major H. Burstall, R.L.A., and Mrs. Burstall have arrived from England and are at the Queen's hotel.

Colonel Smith, London, Ontario, has recently returned from an extended trip in Japan.

Mr. Alfred Jones has purchased Mr. Rupert Simpson's residence at Haileybury, and Mrs. Jones and her children, with Miss Edna Jones, left on Wednesday to spend the summer at this northern town on Lake Temiskaming.

The following parties were registered at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, this week: Colonel W. H. Merritt, Mr. H. Foster Chaffee, Mr. H. L. McIntosh, Mr. B. W. Folger, Mr. B. Irving, Mr. M. J. Fleming, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. C. W. Beatty and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mr. Charles C. Hall, Mr. R. C. Misson, Mr. E. Bayley, Mr. T. H. Mayne Campbell, Mrs. R. W. Thomas, Mr. A. B. Willis, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mr. M. S. Bogert, Mr. F. S. Hammond, Mr. F. Gammie, Miss Agnes Ross, Mr. F. W. Wellington, Mr. L. S. Morrison, Miss Hay, Toronto; Mr. Alex. P. Park, Paisley, Scotland; Mr. C. J. Duncan, London, Eng.; Mr. George A. Wilson, Australia; Mr. A. H. Franklin, London, Eng.; Mr. A. S. Baker, New Zealand; Mr. John Binnie, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Galdert, Havana, Cuba; Mr. A. C. Carter, Siam; Captain and Mrs. Vereker, England.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., has issued invitations to a private view of paintings and ceramics, the work of his students to be held in his studio in Toronto on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 16, 17 and 18.

Mr. Austin Boddy, Commissioner at Sierra Leone, is at home on furlough, and is staying with his mother, in Winchester street.

Mrs. H. H. Fudger and her daughters sail for England this week.

Major H. Burstall, R.L.A., and Mrs. Burstall have arrived from England, and are at the Queen's hotel.

Among those who are coming to town for the races, which commence to-day, are Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, Mrs. James Ross and Mrs. H. B. Yates of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fauquier of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seagram and a large party from Berlin, Mr. Sibley and party of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. George Segy and Mrs. George F. Palmer of St. Catharines, Mr. Harry Corby and party from Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston of Port Hope, Judge Post, Mr. and Mrs. Backus of New York and many other well-known people.

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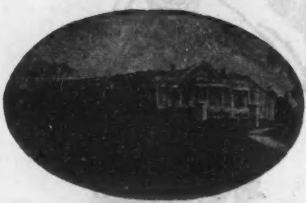
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Telephones Main 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 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## HUDSON RIVER ROUTE TO NEW YORK.

All through trains by the New York Central run to Grand Central Station.

## The Average Man and Immortality

Dr. William Osler thinks that men have grown indifferent to a problem they cannot solve, but Dr. McComb takes another view.

DR. McCOMB, writing in The London Quarterly Review, quotes Dr. William Osler, regius professor of medicine at Oxford University, as giving the opinion that the destructive work of modern philosophy and science has resulted in so unsettling men's minds that they have grown indifferent to the problem of human immortality. The average man, he thinks, has no longer any interest in the question. People, he points out, turn to their newspaper or their business at the mere mention of an after-life. Professor Osler says:

"Where among the educated and the refined, much less among the masses, do we find any ardent desire for a future life? It is not a subject of drawing room conversation; and the man whose habit it is to button-hole his acquaintances and inquire earnestly after their souls is shunned like 'The Ancient Mariner.' Among the clergy it is not thought polite to refer to so delicate a topic except officially from the pulpit. Most ominous of all, as indicating the utter absence of interest on the part of the public, is the silence of the press, in the columns of which are manifest daily the works of the flesh. Did men really entertain such a wonderful thought as survival after death, would they not make of it a subject of daily intercourse, and vie with one another in expressions of astonishment and joy at such a glorious prospect?"

Dr. McComb pronounces such a conclusion as this to be "based on a very superficial conception of human nature," and enlarges upon the point as follows:

"Men are dimly conscious that they live in a world full of mysteries, of the strangest contradictions and the most perplexing riddles, such as life and birth, and love and death; yet in the small-talk of the drawing-room and the newspaper these great realities occupy a small place as compared with bridge and whist and football and the latest scandal in 'the smart set.' The trivialities of the moment may well form the light froth that dances on the surface of human intercourse; but to suppose that this is all, that there are no depths beneath where the things that lie nearest our souls lie hid, is to commit the common fallacy of taking a part for the whole. To see that this is so we have but to imagine what would result if science succeeded in proving what Professor Haeckel in his dogmatic way says it has proved, namely, that for man death is the end. Does any one really think that in such an eventuality the majority of the race, and they not the least thoughtful and spiritual, would not be conscious of an irreparable loss, of a dreadful dislocation of the whole inner world, would not feel a horror as if, when gazing at a star-strewn sky, a giant hand were seen putting out the ancient lights of heaven?"

But Professor Osler, in his book on "Science and Immortality," from which the writer in The Quarterly is quoting, is speaking as "a medical expert," and testifies that even at their last moment the majority of men "express no fears or hopes about the other world." They die as they have lived, "practically uninfluenced by the thoughts of a future life." Dr. Osler gives in the following words his own observation in this matter:

"I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting."

Why Professor Osler's testimony on this point amounts to so little in supporting his arguments for man's indifference to immortality is thus set forth by Dr. McComb:

"Surely this distinguished writer is wrong in supposing that a true criterion for judging whether faith in a future life has any place in the thoughts of men is to be found in the feelings of the soul as it approaches the 'low, dark verge of life.' Not to man weakened by disease, his moral and spiritual energies dulled through the collapse of the body, but to man in the fullness of his powers, are we to refer on such a point."

Dr. McComb quotes in this connection Victor Hugo's speech at the grave of Balzac—"It is not darkness to him, it is light! It is not the end, but the beginning; not nothingness, but eternity. Such coffins proclaim immortality. We do not say to ourselves here, to-day, that it is impossible that a great genius in this life can be other than a great spirit after death?"—and he adds in comment:

"Now it was the vision, not of the

dying, but of the living Balzac that forced from Hugo this confession of faith. Moreover, Dr. Osler forgets to take into account a phenomenon well known to those who minister to the dying, and that is, their curious reserve about their deepest feelings, as though the soul, preparatory to her strange, lone journey, withdrew into herself, absorbed in her own affairs. And this self-absorption may well be mistaken for blank indifference."

### Make Believe.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing;  
Let's change the things around us by saying  
They're things that we wish them to be;

And if there is sadness or sorrow,  
Let's dream till we charm it away;  
Let's learn from the children and borrow  
A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty,  
Let's play there are roses in bloom;  
Let's play there is pleasure in duty  
And light where we thought there was gloom;

Let's play that this heart with its sorrow  
Is bidden be joyous and glad;  
Let's play that we'll find on to-morrow  
The joys that we never have had.

Let's play we have done with repining;  
Let's play that our longings are still;  
Let's play that the sunlight is shining  
To gild the green slope of the hill;

Let's play there are birds blithely flinging  
Their songs of delight to the air;  
Let's play that the world's full of singing,  
Let's play there is love everywhere.

J. W. FOLEY.

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, at the request of Her Excellency the Countess Grey, is collecting a representative exhibit of Canadian women's work to send to the Exhibition of Women's Work to be held at Melbourne, Australia, next October. At the Exhibition of Canadian Handicrafts held in the Art Association, Montreal, in March, Her Excellency made a large selection of work. Further exhibits are invited, such as specimens of:

Fine needlework, embroidery, lace, crochet, knitting, etc.  
Wood-carving, leather work, enamels, metal work, book-binding, etc.  
Pottery and china painting.  
Fine weaving, artistically woven and hooked rugs.

The Guild would also on this occasion be willing to forward with its exhibits, paintings in oil and water colors, pastels, miniatures, etchings, drawings in black and white, artistic photography, and school exhibits. All work must be addressed to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, 586 St. Catherine street, west, Montreal, marked "For Australian Exhibition," and be received not later than June 15th. Entry form can be obtained for the asking, and should be applied for immediately.

It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street in The Travel Magazine, is either a dyspeptic or a self-reliant ignoramus, who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the western miner who, having "struck it rich," arrived in New York and, anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair, he turned to the patient waiter with: "Just bring me forty-five dollars' worth of ham and eggs!" Some of our fellow-countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them to go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken, or steak and fried potatoes—dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home, could do it. A Parisian chef, broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.

Special low rates to Norfolk, Va., and return on account of the Jamestown Exposition. Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections, the very best route. Tickets via New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington. Stop-over allowed. For further particulars, maps, time-tables, etc., call at Lehigh Valley Office, 54 King Street East. Choice of routes rail or steamer.

People from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and other distant parts of Canada go to the Del Monte Hotel at Preston, Ont., for the benefit and rest at this popular resort.

### The Youthful Fancy.

THE story of the little boy who comes home from Sunday School and asks his mother what kind of animal a consecrated cross-eyed bear might be, was told at a dinner-table the other evening, and immediately elicited a trio of similar anecdotes.

One gentleman a prominent writer, declared that as a little boy he read "Hamlet," and laughed heartily over the grave-yard scene, especially the line "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This he construed to mean that men died and worms ate them, but not because the worms enjoyed that particular diet. They just had to eat men or get nothing, in the same way that little boys are obliged to tuck away oatmeal porridge when they would much prefer pie. He said that the line made a strong appeal to his sympathies in that he was continually falling foul of his nurse on the porridge question.

Another member of the party related how, as a youngster, his nurse would dwell on death-bed scenes of her late friends and relatives, particularly the administration of extreme unction. To his childish ear the phrase took on the sound of "extra munction." From this he deduced that when a person was ordinarily sick, he received something known as "munction," which, when he became seriously ill, was doubled or intensified, viz., extra munction.

Lastly, a third guest told how in his native Lancashire it is the custom in middle-class households for every member of the family to take turns at mixing the Christmas plum pudding in a large bowl, which custom is popularly known as "stirring."

Bearing this in mind, when he recited the couplet:  
'Twas the night before Christmas,  
and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,  
it brought visions of a family whose Christmas would be void of the conventional dessert. Not even a mouse lent its aid to the culinary preparation, and hence—oh, unhappy household!—no plum pudding.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered. "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired. "Want to!" he snorted. "Want to! What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."—Ann Arbor Chaparral.

### BOTHA AND LAURIER.

WILL THE CANADIAN PREMIER  
ACCEPT THE INVITATION  
TO TRANSVAAL?

General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, has invited Sir Wilfrid Laurier to visit South Africa. Of course, it is questionable as yet whether or not he will be able to accept the invitation, but it is certain if he goes that he will receive from all sections of the populace a cordial and unaffected welcome. It is very interesting to note how the name of this country abroad has grown in the past few years. The general trade has been greatly improved through this increase of knowledge, particularly in sister colonies like South Africa. For example, some months ago the people of Barkly East desired to do honor to Mr. R. C. Lloyd, who had occupied with distinguished success the position of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for three years. Accordingly they presented him with a congratulatory address, and an eighty-guinea piano, which they ordered from Canada. The instrument was a Gaurlay, made by Messrs. Gaurlay, Winter & Leeming of Toronto. The following presentation plate was engraved and attached to the instrument: "Presented to R. C. Lloyd, Esq., Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate, by the citizens of Barkly East town and district, on his promotion to Barkly West." Barkly West is about fourteen miles from Kimberley, and the piano was three months on the journey. Here is what the recipient says about the instrument: "Some four months have elapsed since we received the Gaurlay piano which was shipped to us last July. After three months' travelling and some very rough handling in this country, the piano was found to be in perfect order. The instrument has now stood the test of a very hot summer, which has had no effect upon it in any way whatsoever. In appearance and finish, in tone and mechanism, your piano leaves nothing to be desired, and I can safely say that I do not know of any other make of piano (and I have seen some very good ones) to equal the one that you have sent me. All friends and others who have seen it pronounce it to be in every respect better than anything they have previously seen." Evidently Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not be received better than the Gaurlay piano is.

## The Queen's Royal NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Season Opens June 8th Militia Encampment June 12th

Delightfully situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Unequalled facilities for the enjoyment of tennis, golf and lawn bowling. Fine roads, bathing, boating and black bass fishing. Casino and New Country Club. Cuisine and Service unexcelled in Canada. Booklet and terms on application. Well equipped garage with all accessories.

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Niagara Falls Canada  
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Guests are accorded all the luxuries, appointment and service of a first-class modern inn. Pure rock water, cuisine unexcelled. Rooms with or without bath and en suite. No more charming place to spend your holidays.  
The M.C.R. from Niagara-on-the-Lake and T.H. & B. Ry. stop in grounds. It is easy to reach by all railways entering Niagara Falls. Send for Booklet.

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Good going May 23rd and 24th. Valid returning until Monday, May 27th.

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Commence running June 1st, leaving Toronto at 3.00 p.m. daily except Sunday, for 1,000 Islands, Montreal, Quebec, and Lower St. Lawrence resorts, and the Saguenay River.

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VICTORIAN	Fri. May 24, June 21
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TUNISIAN	" June 14, July 12

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#### DIRECT SERVICE

SICILIAN	Thurs. May 23, June 27
NUMIDIAN	" May 30, July 4
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June 22nd, Saturday	LAKE MANTOBA
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## SPORTING COMMENT

ALFRED SHRUBB, the English distance runner, has come to America for the purpose of running exhibition races here and in the United States, and it looks as though he is going to have difficulty in finding anyone fast enough in the "pro" ranks on this side of the pond.

For years he made a show of his competitors in England, and his name and achievements were well known to sport-loving readers all over the world. Stimulated by his success, and looking for more worlds to conquer, he undertook a tour of Australia, with the inevitable result—expulsion from the amateur ranks. Having a wife and child to support, he is now over here in an endeavor to acquire a little gate money, and perhaps a quiet bet or two on the side.

This is going to be a matter of some difficulty. There are certainly no runners in the "pro" ranks over here who can stay with him if he runs up to his form, and any amateur who is good enough to give him a tight race would think twice before doing it. The professional runner doesn't cut the figure he used to, and his opportunities are few and far between, so the inducements held forth for the amateur to desert his principles are not very convincing.

What brings the matter into prominence here is the fact that Shrubbs' American manager has been corresponding with Longboat with the idea of arranging a match, and knowing as he does, the crowd such an event would draw, has made some tempting offers. These were declined with thanks, as Longboat has his eye on the Olympic Marathon in England, and until he gets that off his mind will be "not in" to callers with cash propositions.

THE story of the fake worked off on the dear public by the Pacific Athletic Club, aided and abetted by Jack O'Brien and Tommy Burns (formerly Mr. Noah Brusso of Hanover, Ont.) makes nice light reading for these summer evenings. The only persons who can extract no humor from the situation are those unfortunate who paid fancy prices for seats, and any laughter they may indulge in has a forced unnatural sound.

The axiom of the late P. T. Barnum, that the American public likes to be humbugged, has its eloquent illustration every now and then in boxing affairs, and that sufficient spectators for a quorum can be gathered together but illustrates the sweet trustfulness of the average human.

THE good news has gone forth that several of the American golfing cracks are coming over here in August to spy out the land, and incidentally give us a chance to see how we measure up against them.

Last year, A. W. Tillinghast of Philadelphia, was the only American entry in the Lambton open tournament, and he worked his way to the finals, falling down to Fritz Martin by a very narrow margin. After his return to the States Mr. Tillinghast wrote an article for a golfing magazine, which spoke in the highest terms of the tournament and the course, and prophesied a large American entry this year, and now a despatch comes from New York giving names and dates.

Looking over the list, we see such names as Fred. Herreshoff of Garden City (a club-mate of J. M. Travis), Jerome D. Travers of Montclair, Dr. Fredericks of Oil City, Geo. Lafferty of Chevy Chase, and Howard Perrin of Philadelphia. Every one of these gentlemen is a player of note. Travers and Herreshoff, though just entering manhood, are seasoned players with plenty of tournament experience, and have several notable performances to their credit. Lafferty, Perrin, and Fredericks are always up near the top when they compete, and it's an even chance that Canadian golfers will have to travel their fastest to stay in the hunt.

One reason for the comparatively slow improvement in the Canadian game has been the lack of open events like this. Trophy matches and inter-club fixtures are excellent in their way, but there is nothing that will take the place of tournament experience as a means of giving a player confidence and an estimate of how good or bad his game really is.

We have outgrown our swaddling-clothes in this game, and can afford to risk competition with the best this

continent can produce, and the signs that we are waking up to the fact are an indication of a healthy growth, and show we are willing to take a chance anyway.

An impression is gaining ground that the time is really ripe for making the Canadian championships an event open to the United States as well as Canada. We are not children, to be frightened by such bogies as Travis, Byers, and Egan being waved in front of our eyes, and if we have no players over here with sufficient ability to keep the title on this side of the line, the way to develop them is in open competition against the best amateurs they have over the border.

### After Two Rounds of Golf.

WHEN the first round of the tournament for the handicap trophy was played at the Golf Club two weeks ago Smithers was in excellent humor. As he splashed in the wash-room he appeared so cheery that it would have been rude on my part not to have enquired how he had come out in the afternoon's play. "Oh, I won," he admitted. "You did!" I exclaimed incredulously. There are two ways of complimenting a golfer—one is to assume that he has beaten his man, the other to profess the utmost surprise. When you see him in the first flush of his triumph the better plan is to hear with surprise that he won, for it enhances the importance of his victory, implying that you regard his adversary as a very skillful player. Nor is it polite in a case of this kind to ask a man how many strokes his opponent had to allow him in the match. To the victor belongs his fleeting hour.

"You did!" said I. "You won from Dobson!" "Yes," he said, "we had a mighty close match, but I pulled it off." Then he told me a few of those details that the winner of a golf game always feels sure ought to be written into the history of the nation.

"This handicap tournament is a fine thing for the club," Smithers assured me with enthusiasm. "See the way it brings golfers together who seldom meet on the course. It shuffles them up and gets them acquainted, and one man can get a line on the play of others. It creates something like a proper club feeling."

"Yes, it does," savagely interrupted a third party, who had just stepped up and overheard Smithers' last observation. "I got beaten to-day by a man whom I've seen on this course a hundred times—three times teeing off and ninety-seven times up to his knees in bunkers or fishing balls out of water hazards. Why, for two years I regarded him as a man hired by the club to work in the bunkers, and once when he was retrieving balls from the creek I threatened to have him discharged because he would not wade in for mine. I only learned my mistake one day when I saw him driving off a tee and learned that he was a member. Well, I played this sand-digger, this pond-raker, to-day, and I'll be hanged if he put his ball into a hazard once all the way round, and I had to allow him strokes on eleven holes. Every time we got near a bunker I'd expect to see him take to his favorite haunts, but he didn't—and I did. Oh, yes, this kind of a match gets us acquainted and produces excellent feeling!" He was quite red hot as he strode away.

Smithers was amused. "You know," he said "it's a funny thing the way some fellows reveal their soreness when they lose. However, I was saying I didn't miss a single drive all the way round."

"You were saying," I reminded him, "that you consider these trophy competitions great civilizers." "So I do, in most instances—not in the case of—" and he nodded in the direction of the man who had interrupted. "Ordinarily a man gets into the way of playing with one or two cronies—he ought to get out and measure strokes with all comers and that's just what a club trophy competition forces him to do."

No doubt Smithers is right. Last Saturday night, after the second round of the competition, I found Smithers tossing his traps into his locker and offered him a cigarette, which he declined.

"I've got to hurry in to-night," he said. "I must be off. I've an appointment."

He seemed to read a question in my eyes. "Yes," he said "I'm down and out, and I'm glad of it. This having to play once a week, or twice, in a trophy series may be all right for those who have nothing else to

do, but I'm a busy man, and I'm better out of it. Golf's an amusement with me, not a pursuit in life, not a career. The way I like to play golf is with my friends—to get the open air, the exercise, good comradeship. I never enjoy a game so much as one with you or with some other old friend. But excuse me just now, I've got to be off."

Much depends on the roll of the ball in the game of golf. If you could pick horses at the Woodbine the way you can pick winners in the locker room of a golf club the "bookies" would vanish. **LOFTER.**

### The Storm.

What do they hunt to-night, the hounds of the wind? I think it is joy they hunt, for joy has fled from my heart. I only remember the hours when I sorrowed or sinned. I only remember the hours when I stood apart. Lonely and tired in difficult dreams entranced, And I forget the days when I loved and laughed and danced.

Gray hounds of the wind, I hear your wistful cry, The cry of unsatisfied hearts hungry for happiness, The house is full of whispering ghosts as you hurry by, And my soul is heavy and dark with a great distress, For heaven is far away, and hope is dead; And the night is a tomb of tears, and despair, and dread.

Oh, hunt no more, wild hounds of the wind and rain, For my soul is afraid of the sound of your hastening feet, And surely under the stars a beautiful joy is slain? Fly! black wings of sorrow, . . . wet wings of the right that beat At the shuttered windows and swiftly fly away Before the Sun-God gathers the golden flower of Day.

—The London Academy.

He looked unmistakably an old soldier, and it was not long before the conversation drifted to matters military. Then it came out that he was a Crimean and mutiny veteran, and soon he was fighting those terrible days over again for the benefit of an interested busful of fellow passengers.

"And what was the bravest deed you ever saw?" asked one.

"The capturing of the Rooshin gun by Brannigan, that I told you of," replied the veteran.

"And who do you consider was the bravest soldier you ever met?" "Brannigan, sir. Brannigan was the boy."

As he stepped stiffly out of the bus with a parting military salute, a passenger remarked:

"Modest old hero that. Did you notice that he never boasted of his own deeds, but always of those of his old comrade, Brannigan?"

Just then, while the bus waited for the policeman's signal to move on, the passenger saw the veteran salute a passing gentleman.

"How do, Brannigan?" they heard the gentleman say.—Answers.

House-to-House Beggar—"Kindness, will you not corfupski a few kopecks to aidoroff the needy members of our devoted Duma?"—Puck.

### HANG ON.

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# OFF GUARD

By Camille Maclair

HAVING assured himself that not a living soul was near this sequestered spot, meagrely illuminated by a few isolated gas lanterns and the pale radiance of the moon, Victor Deleutre heaved a deep sigh of relief and leaning for a moment for support against the stone parapet of the bridge, waited for the violent throbbing of his heart to subside into its normal beat. Then, very carefully and without the least manifestation of haste, he examined his attire and found it had not in any way become disarranged.

After all, the struggle had been a short one; and to hurl Julian Naviere into the Seine, Deleutre had caught him entirely off his guard and with such dexterity of hold, that a realization of peril must have come to his victim when it was too late. A gurgling cry of despair, and Naviere had disappeared beneath the dark and swiftly flowing waters of the river. No other sound had disturbed the tranquility of the night.

Deleutre was not long in gaining complete control over himself, yet he lingered for a moment or two at his post. On yonder side of the river, some distance from where he stood, but far enough that no one could have seen what had happened on the bridge, there lay a number of life-boats. He waited lest one of these might be pushed from its moorings out on the river in response to Naviere's cry of distress, but discerned no signs of activity. There was deathlike stillness all around. Evidently there had been no witness to the deed. Then he moved. With a long steady stride he left the bridge, the faint rays of the moon, now risen higher in the starlit heaven, encompassing his athletic frame with a dim and weird lustre.

Deleutre was a business man of a cool calculating disposition. He had attended a commercial banquet, that had lasted well into the night. As he was leaving, Julian Naviere, his competitor in business, offered his company and not being able to secure a

slumber untroubled by either dreams or morbid fancies. When he at length awoke it was broad day. He arose, dressed himself with care and attended to his regular duties with customary punctiliousness. Absolute calm seemed to reside within him; nor did his thoughts cling to the recollection of the preceding night's drama; only from time to time would they revert to it. Not until he had arrived at his office and there disposed of his mail did he reflect upon his deed. With the methodical precision of the trained professional he passed in review in logical sequence the separate circumstances that had led up to the murder. He was sensible of a certain callous apathy towards the moral phase of his act. He felt neither contented, nor distressed at the death of Naviere; yet he was alive to the fact of having committed a crime. But what seemed to appeal to him more forcibly was the circumstances that his friend's demise would result in a pecuniary profit to himself; and he began to ponder over the manner and means by which he might with prudence repair his recent losses with his most dangerous competitor removed. Fear of discovery seemed absent. Indeed, he was quite astonished at his calmness and at a strange feeling of superiority and self reliance, which appeared to raise him above all considerations of moral guilt or thought of personal peril.

He ate a hearty lunch and smoked his cigar with an apparent relish. After returning to the seclusion of his office he again fell to musing, when he was abruptly arrested by an extraordinary impulse. On his desk before him lay his open letter copy book. With an air of complete abstraction he drew from his pocket a pencil and in a bold hand on the blank page of the copy book he wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre, threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He paused. He felt a chill creep



"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . ."

cab proposed a walk in the cold crisp October air. Deleutre accepted, although he could not bear the man. More than once of late he had been severely hit financially by Naviere's foresight and cunning and even now, under the influence of the banquet's liquid concomitants, the man made bold to speak quite freely of still greater plans, which revealed to Deleutre's view an endless store of future troubles. But he showed nothing of impatience in his manner. Indeed, he listened attentively, though with a growing inward irritation. Then of a sudden, as they neared the bridge, an uncontrollable desire arose within him to rid himself of this dangerous rival by one fell blow. A terrible determination and a peculiar indifference to consequences had taken possession of him. The possibility of committing a crime blazed upon his feverish imagination simultaneously with a lightning consideration of the means by which to execute it. He, Deleutre, otherwise deliberate and self-possessed, felt himself unexpectedly under the spell of a strange and horrible impulse, which seemed to cause his hands, as it were, to move in reflex action, as they clutched his companion's throat and shoulder and hurled him to his watery grave.

He made his way home unmolested, went to bed, and fell into a deep

down his back, a momentary faintness overcame him, and with a swift and furtive glance around his office to assure himself that he was unobserved, he tore the leaf from the book and flung it into the grate, where it soon was burnt to ashes. The temporary gloom which had oppressed him, lifted. For an instant only had he labored under its gruesome pall, and then with so indistinct a perception of its significance, that he dismissed the incident with a contemptuous smile while he watched the incriminating message curl up in smoke. "Rosh," he mumbled to himself, "if I told the story it would be out—but as I won't ever be again so foolish as to set it down in black and white—" He stopped, drew himself up sharply, startled at the sound of his own voice.

The disappearance of Mr. Naviere occasioned a considerable stir throughout Paris. His body was taken two days later from the Seine near St. Cloud. There were no visible marks of physical violence, and neither money nor valuables were missing. His circumstances in life had been such as to preclude supposition of suicide. Indications pointed rather to an unfortunate accident or a murder through some other motive than that of robbery.

Mr. Deleutre was asked to appear

before the prefect of police. Being a man of good standing in the community he was treated with consideration. In response to questions by the prefect, he related without the slightest show of embarrassment how he had accompanied Mr. Naviere from the banquet hall to the bridge and how, after offering to escort him home and having been refused, he left him there and returned to his own residence. He remained silent as to what Naviere had told him of his various business plans, but indulged in warm words of praise concerning the character and habits of the deceased, deploring at the same time the horrible fate that had befallen him. When he had concluded the prefect thanked him and he was allowed to leave.

The following day he attended the funeral obsequies of his friend. He was disturbed neither by a sense of fear nor lulled into an incautious repose. Moreover he felt no necessity for the exercise of any great amount of self-control. The part he played came to him quite naturally, as if he were carrying out a preconceived plan, carefully rehearsed in every detail. But he did it all in a rather perfunctory, mechanical sort of way, much as one reads a newspaper without stopping to spell the words or analyze the sentences.

A week passed and he gradually lapsed into his former staid and exemplary mode of life, apparently oblivious to the excitement he had caused or the possibility of further developments. Then there arrived another summons from the prefect. The officer of the law was as courteous and affable as at their first meeting and explained that the matter had practically been disposed of, that all the evidence tended toward the confirmation of the accident theory, and that Mr. Deleutre's presence had only been requested for the purpose of obtaining from him some light on the man's business prospects and plans, which perchance he may have revealed to so close a friend. Deleutre again appeared perfectly at ease and in a voice devoid of any trace of emotion or suppressed excitement, proceeded to tell at some length all Naviere had confided to him. The prefect listened attentively and, as Deleutre progressed, began to manifest an obsequiousness of conduct bordering on friendly interest. When Deleutre had concluded he assured him that this was the last time he would be importuned and, handing him a pen, bade him affix his signature to the transcript of the statements he had just made. Deleutre mechanically took the pen and wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of the . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He had written very rapidly, not so rapidly, however, that his action escaped the notice of the watchful official, who said:

"What are you doing, Mr. Deleutre? I asked you only for your signature."

Deleutre looked blankly at the official. "I am through," he mumbled, "all you need now is the date—" He started. The veil of oblivion lifting as suddenly as it had enshrouded his mind, exposed to him with awful vividness the harrowing consequences that would follow in the train of this fatal lapse. An ashy pallor spread over his features. In speechless terror and with trembling knees he tottered forward and reached for the document—too late.—Translated from the French.

An eastern publisher is booming a new novel by inserting this "personal" in the daily papers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth Avenue car yesterday, who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over a page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookseller who will be spared in the future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention (here follows the name of the book) to avoid errors."—Editor.

She (sympathetically)—"And that scar on your face is from a bullet wound? How was it that you were shot in the face?"

Spanish War Veteran—"I foolishly looked back."

"Money," said Uncle Eben, "hab wings, an' it depends on circumstances whether it acts like an eagle or a goose."—Washington Star.

The man who's "loaded" need not complain if he gets "fired."—Bruce Times.

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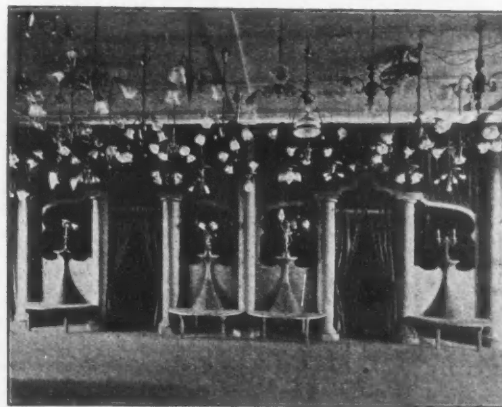
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### "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

### Points About People

FEW Torontonians are aware of the unique position this city occupied in the last year of the American Civil War. In that year the northern generals, Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, inaugurated their policy of devastation, of making smiling agricultural districts wildernesses that would not support a dog, and by way of reprisal Jefferson Davis decided to send a number of the most daring of southern officers, especially men who had shown great cunning and courage in escaping from northern prisons to Canada, with a view to organizing secret projects of revenge in the north. Only now are the facts beginning to come out, because for obvious reasons the brave but desperate men involved did not proclaim to the citizens what their business was and only of late years has the hatchet been buried deep enough to make revelations safe. Walls, being alleged to have ears, if the walls of the Queen's Hotel could speak they could tell of conspiracies as dark and cunning as any ever recorded. The central figure in it all was one of the most popular figures in Toronto's society in that day, and though nominally located in Toronto as a convenient point for peace negotiations, he was really financing the operations of as dare devil a group of patriots as the dark ages ever produced. They were nearly all young men who had been ruined financially and suffered the loss of fathers and brothers in the war, and were ready to stop at nothing.

Last year the memoirs of one of these men, Lieutenant John W. Headley, were published under the title "Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," and for some reason or other have attracted little or no attention, although in the latter portion of his book it is shown that the Queen's hotel was one of the headquarters of the Confederate campaign. Colonel Jacob Thompson, who at the time so ingratiated himself with the city of Toronto, had been a member of the Cabinet in Buchanan's administration immediately preceding that of Lincoln, and won the friendship of all the leading politicians and officials of this city. At the same time the city was flooded with American secret service officers, but he seems to have carried on his underground operations so skillfully that it was only through the treachery of the man he deemed his most intimate friend, a man bearing the name of Godfrey P. Hyams, that his plots were frustrated. According to Headley's memoirs the plots were hatched at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, and partially carried out in the last six months of 1864 included.

(1) A scheme to arm and suddenly rouse "The Sons of Liberty," an organization 300,000 strong, with headquarters at Chicago. This was made up of anti-war Democrats who desired to establish an independent republic in the Northwestern States. This failed because the northern sessionists weakened on the deal which had been finally drawn up at London, Ont.

(2) The famous plan to capture the gunboat Michigan and release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. This failed largely because of the efforts of John W. Murray, and is told of in "The Memoirs of a Great Detective." Headley apparently does not know of Murray's book, and is unaware of just how, on the day planned for the execution of the plot, the chief operator, Colonel Cole, was run down at Sandusky, Ohio, and arrested. He did not know Cole, but was one of the men who seized the steamer Philo Parsons and caused the famous piracy cases which occupied the Toronto courts for months.

(3) The scheme to simultaneously burn all the leading

hotels and theatres of New York city, which failed owing to the fact that the bottles of phosphorus used were easily extinguished. All the eight men involved escaped in the confusion to Toronto. Headley tells calmly how he personally fired four hotels, including the Astor House, and says that similar schemes were framed at the Queen's to burn Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Boston.

(4) A plan to derail the train between Buffalo and Dunkirk and rescue seven captured Confederate officers. The obstruction on the track was insufficient, and the train merely stopped, obliging the rescuers to fly. Two were caught and hanged for previous plots. The others came back and resumed winter sports in Toronto.

### Conspiracies in Toronto.

ALL this was plotted in Toronto with the police of Canada watching with extreme vigilance under pressure from Great Britain for breaches of the neutrality laws, and the eyes of the American secret service everywhere. The events came thick and fast upon each other, showing the remarkable ingenuity of these score or more of men. Colonel Thompson's method was to keep them away from him. They lived in a quiet way, in boarding houses, making friends only with proven Canadians, and they met the chief only by proxy or in secrecy.

Headley avers that all these plans would have succeeded if it had not been for the detective work of Godfrey J. Hyams, whom some old-time Torontonians may remember, for he was afterwards a witness in the famous trial at Toronto of Bennett H. Young for violation of the neutrality laws. In those days he was a noted figure about the Queen's hotel, spent a great deal of money and was supposed to be an ardent southern partisan. Bennett H. Young is the man who was alluded to in a paragraph in these columns last week as a close friend of the late Mr. Hogan of St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. It was in the latter hotel that Young plotted the successful raid on St. Albans, Vermont, which alarmed the whole north and forced Lincoln to recall sixty thousand troops from the front. Sir John Abbott was Young's lawyer, and carried his case to a successful issue after three trials. He is still a prominent citizen of Louisville, Kentucky.

Headley avers that he and one or two associates, fearing extradition proceedings after their incendiary expedition to New York, went at night to the home of "Hon. John McDonald" and retained him for their defence, because he was a good lawyer and a popular man, favorable to the Confederate cause. This cannot have been Sir John, because in the winter of 1864-5 he was too much engrossed with projects of confederation to take private practice, even when out of power. The revelations which are being made, however, serve to show that though it may be prosaic now there was no lack of lurid romance under the lid in 1864.

### Of Untutored Mind.

MR. W. B. THOMSON, of Orillia, has just returned from a trip three hundred miles north of Prince Albert, Sask., and relates several interesting anecdotes that he picked up, illustrative of the great simplicity of the Indians. While stopping at Green Lake, Hudson Bay Post, a Mr. Isbester, a farmer there, who is the son of a Scotchman and a half-breed woman, said that his mother, some years ago, trapped five black foxes, and on selling three to the company received as follows: one darning-needle, six fine needles and one spool of black thread, while for the other two pelts she was given three yards of print. The following morning, after hearing this story, when the party was leaving a Mr. MacKay, of the Hudson Bay Co., was saying that the party would



hardly ever meet again in this world. "Nor are we likely to meet in the next," added Mr. Beatty, also of the Hudson Bay Co., "for I expect that owing to their severe trials, the Lord will reserve a special preserve for the Hudson Bay officials in Heaven."

"Remember that when you come to settle with the Lord," said Mr. Thomson, in reply, "you will not be trading a darning-needle for a black fox skin."

Distances are almost entirely estimated by the time consumed. Mr. Thomson asked the length of Keg Lake of a half-breed and was told twelve miles. After driving to the other end he met the breed again.

"That lake is not twelve miles long," he said. "If you drive slow it is, but if you drive fast it is only six," replied the breed.

### When E. B. Eddy was Kidnapped.

A STORY told the writer the other day by an old resident of Pontiac county throws some light on the rough and ready political methods practised a generation ago. The modern methods of the mechanical trick ballot-box and the dexterous hallot-switching may be more scientific, more in accord with the spirit of the age, but they are certainly not more effective than the trick resorted to many years ago in Pontiac, the most westerly county of the province of Quebec. At that time Pontiac was pretty much of a backwoods country, being in the transition stage between a collection of lumber camps and a settlement of frontier farmers. The men were big burly fellows, accustomed to bush life and roughing it a bit. The late E. B. Eddy, who died the "match king of Canada," had then large lumber interests in Pontiac, and when an election came on he conceived the idea that he would be a fit and proper person to represent the county in Parliament in opposition to the sitting member who had a strong personal following, but not so long a purse as had Mr. Eddy. At that time there was not a railway in the country, and Mr. Eddy made the journey from Hull up to the little village of Shawville in a sleigh, for the election was held in mid-winter. He intended to spend a day in the little village, and then go on to Byron, the county town, for the nomination, which in these rural constituencies, is a big event, the real field day of the campaign.

Night had set in when he reached Shawville, and, alighting from his sleigh he hurried into the one hotel the village possessed. A group of rough-looking men stood about the roaring hall stove, and the moment Mr. Eddy drew near a huge buffalo-robe was thrown over his head, he was carried upstairs and thrust into a room, and there he was a prisoner, kidnapped by men who were opposed to his political aspirations and determined to thwart them at any cost. A guard was kept on the room night and day. Mr. Eddy's meals were passed into him, but he saw no one and was not allowed to communicate

with anyone. His driver was cared for in a similar although somewhat rougher way, and there they were, both "caged, cabined and confined" for a whole week.

In the meantime nomination day came on at Bryson. Of course Mr. Eddy did not appear; his friends thought he had abandoned the contest, and nothing was done. The sitting member was, of course, declared elected by acclamation, and that was all there was about it.

Upon being released, Mr. Eddy vowed all sorts of vengeance upon his kidnappers. He would go up to his limits, raise a force and come back and "clean out the village," and he would go into court and upset the election. Whatever may have influenced Mr. Eddy, he carried out none of his threats; he returned to his home in Hull and the whole matter dropped.

### Poupore of Pontiac.

A MAN who, in later years, enjoyed a strong hold upon the confidence of the people of Pontiac county was Mr. W. J. Poupore, known to-day as a great contractor both of wharf-building in Montreal and of railway work in various parts of Canada. He always was a big, jovial, hail-fellow sort of a man, and he has changed very little in appearance since the days when he stumped the big county which switches to the westward to the shores of Lake Temiskaming and northward to the farthest confines of the province of Quebec. The National Policy campaign sent Mr. Poupore to Ottawa in 1878, but a few years later he went to Quebec, and for a long time represented the county in the Legislature. His "running mate" was the late John Bryson, who sat for Pontiac in the House of Commons from 1882 up to his death in 1891. Pontiac is a big county to canvass having, for instance, an area more than twelve times that of the county of Middlesex, Ont. Big as it is, the two made a tour at every election of the entire county. They sent broadcast a printed hand-bill, announcing the date and hour of each meeting which, except in villages, was held in a district school house, school often being dismissed for half a day in order to give the orators use of the building. Of the two Mr. Poupore was by far the better speaker, and in fact he developed into a good campaign talker, fluent in both languages, clear and quite forceful. He knew the people of Pontiac and understood how to interest them. He came back to Ottawa at a bye-election in 1896, and then he cut away from politics and began to build wharves and canals and railways. In about everything he put his hand to he has been successful, and his success has been largely due to an untiring industry.

### Another Pontiac Man.

A N old-time representative of Pontiac, who rose high in the public service, was the late Hon. R. L. Church, who died a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench of the province of Quebec. He began life as a doctor of medicine, but after practising a short time he decided that the legal profession would suit him better, so back he went to McGill, took the law course, and in due time was admitted to the bar. He practised in Montreal, and in time became an authority on corporation law. He was a man of striking appearance, tall, erect and dignified, wearing long Lord Dunderbary-like side whiskers, now so seldom seen. For a considerable time he was crown prosecutor, and it was a treat to hear him examine or cross-question a medical expert put into the box. Often, to his surprise and confusion, the expert would find that the examining lawyer knew as much medicine as himself—that he was "up against the real thing" and not a lawyer who had crammed up a few terms and general principles from a hasty reading of popular works on medical jurisprudence. Pontiac sent Mr. Church to Quebec, and there he was chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly. Then he was taken into the De Boucherville Ministry. From 1874 to 1876 he was Attorney-General, and from the later date to 1883 Provincial Treasurer. He was an effective debater, and the bar regarded him as a sound and exceedingly painstaking judge.

### Another Canadian Gets There.

DR. THOMAS MACRAE, associate professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Dr. Macrae is a Guelph boy, and a graduate of the University of Toronto. After serving as house physician at the Toronto General Hospital he went to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he became the first assistant in the medical clinic. He is now one of the teachers of medicine in the medical school, and in practice in Baltimore. It is many years since a Canadian has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians—the last one was Dr. Osler in 1883.

Carl Schurz in his reminiscences in McClure's for May tells some amusing anecdotes about President Lincoln, among them being this one: One of the many foreigners who sought my intercession was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian legation. He had a long row of ancestors whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the president and lay his case before him he believed, the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so ardently with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him if the president permitted. The president did permit. The count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenious way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over he asked me what in the world the president could have meant by so strange a remark.

When Mr. W. T. Stead was in Toronto he said that the first time he met Mr. William R. Hearst, the millionaire proprietor of The New York American, he found the latter in his shirt-sleeves bringing out his paper. The Saturday Evening Post adds that when Mr. Hearst wants to look at his newspapers he spreads them out on the floor and gets down on his knees as he used to when he was a boy.

Three high-class Chinese women are now numbered among the pupils of Welles College, Aurora, N.Y.—Mrs. Bien, who before her marriage was Miss Li, the granddaughter of Earl Li Hung Chang; Miss Chang the daughter of the governor of the Province of Ah Lim, and Mrs. Aze, whose grandfather is now one of the ministers of the celestial empire and is connected with all important movements in Peking.

### My Dog and I.

WHEN day is done and even shadows fall,  
And garb the greying world in softest pall,  
We sometimes sit alone—my dog and I—  
And from my heavy heart there comes a sigh,  
And then—he wags his tail.

Full well I know he means to comfort me,  
To spare me hurt, from sorrow keep me free.  
I tell him of my troubles, great and small,  
And patiently he listens to them all,  
And then—he wags his tail.

When friends desert, as friends sometimes will do;  
When days are dark and skies of leaden hue,  
I put my arm about his neck, and we  
Forget that life means trial and strife, while he—  
While he—just wags his tail.

When angry passions hold their hurtful sway,  
And I to bitterness become a prey,  
Should I attempt to vent my wrath on him  
He chides me not, but bears with patience grim,  
And just—he wags his tail.

Old dog, you are a faithful friend indeed;  
A constant comfort, too, in time of need.  
In eloquence your dumbness makes you great—  
An evil hour, when you will hesitate  
To wag—to wag your tail.

IVAN LEONARD.

Thornhill, Ont.

### The Maxims of Methuselah.

M Y son, wouldst thou flatter women? I counsel thee, avoid generalities, say not unto her, Thou art fair, my love, thou rejoicest my heart with thy comeliness.

2. But let thy words be definite; go thou into details, and it will cause her much joy.

3. Say unto her, Lo, thy nostrils are proud, they show thy caste; and thine ear is like unto a seashell, it is far too little. How cunning are the tips of thy fingers, and the line of thine eyebrows, naught can excel.

4. For she knoweth her points; good and bad knoweth she them all, from the greatest unto the smallest. Thou canst not teach her.

5. Her mirror instructeth her, lo, she knoweth her frame. Ask her and she shall tell thee, that thou mayest contradict.

6. She knoweth the excellencies of her rivals, and if she hath a thick wrist of every other woman's wrist shall she be acquainted.

7. She weareth a number three shoe, for it is a comfort unto her feet; but if thou askest her will she say: Lo, a two and a-half, it is my size.

8. Knowest thou a woman who criticizeth not her sisters' attire? I say unto thee, there is not one of them ignorant, nay, not one who shall not point out their faults, and counsel them what they should wear.

9. Though she dresseth like an art-student, yet is she a competent authority.

10. She whom thou lovest must laugh when thou laughest, and weep when thou weepest; but if she weep when thou laughest and laugh when thou weepest, woe be unto thee!

11. Like the alarm clock that goeth off at 7 a.m., so is she who saith: I told you so!

12. But a woman who dallieth and is tardy, she is like an upper stair that is not there: she shall cause thee to curse.

13. Now I called upon a matron; at her house I paid my visit, and I found a bore thereat.

14. And he tarried.

15. And he tarried.

16. And he tarried.

17. While his back was turned, while he discoursed of the weather and the theatre and of Bernard Shaw, while he puffed himself up and vaunted his wisdom, lo, she yawned in her handkerchief; yea, she winked at me, wishing that he might depart; for we desired much to be alone together.—Gelett Burgess in June Smart Set.

### The Air-Ship Enterprise.

PARALLEL with the progress in automobile manufacture has been the increasing interest in machines for aerial navigation. The Literary Digest notes that there are to-day over 200 air-ships projected or in course of construction in England alone, and then quotes the Ohio State Journal, which furnishes this information descriptive of some of the apparatus:

In other lands, the interest in air navigation fairly rages. The new designs and principles of flight are very interesting. One man proposes a "cyclone" air-ship. The lifting power is quite like the spiral motion of a cyclone, which is developed by "semi-spiral revolving tubes" which catch the air and so confine and compress it that there is a lifting power in letting it loose, quite like that of a cyclone. Think of that—riding through the fenceless fields of air on an artificial cyclone!

The most extravagant idea in the air-ship enterprise comes from New York. There a man has conceived the idea of propelling an air-ship by explosions of gas. His adventure is startling. He proposes a steel ship 150 feet long, 1,000 horse-power, weight 250 tons. This monster is to be equipped with 1,000 or more air chambers, with trumpets attached, and by explosions of gas through these, motion is developed and direction secured. Isn't that a sweep of the inventive genius? Think of flying through the air on the wings of an incessant explosion! Wherever one goes, it would be thunder from a clear sky.

Another sort of motor for air-flying is the screw, very like that of a ship, which is very like the Knabenshue motor, except that the new arrangement of screw gives direction as well as propelling force. And so the work goes on over the world. There are, probably, a thousand air-ships building to-day, and next year certainly one of them will fly. It is going to be very interesting to live for the next year or two. To take a celestial jaunt is to be one of the joys of the good time coming.

That the wives of United States Presidents stand nerve strain and countless annoyances of White House life better than do their husbands seems to be exemplified by the fact that while there is only one living ex-President there are four living women who have occupied the executive mansion. These are Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and Mrs. William McKinley.

Walter J. Travis, who has been amateur golf champion of the United States, has gone into the stock brokerage business in New York, having become manager of a branch office for a leading firm. He is the latest of young men famous in the annals of amateur sport to gravitate to Wall street.

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# THE MIKADO AND THE CENSOR

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

ON March 14, 1885, at the Savoy Theatre in London, England, "The Mikado, or The Town of Titipu," had its first performance. Because of three or four previous successes of the authors, W. S. Gilbert, librettist, and Arthur Sullivan, composer, good entertainment was expected, but nothing so delightful as this comic opera proved to be had been anticipated.

London, so to speak, went wild. The fame of the opera went speedily around the English-speaking world. Companies were hastily organized for provincial tours. Travellers from America sojourning in London, having heard it once, went again—twice and thrice in the same week. In the following autumn, when the work reached New York, the same experience was repeated. Company after company had to be organized, given a brief training, and sent forth to satisfy the demand of the myriad cities of this continent to hear this work. In Toronto, then a city boasting but one theatre, three separate engagements were played to enormous business in one season, and this was typical of the success of the opera in every town of any wealth in America. It reaped for its authors and their partner, the late D'Oyley Carte, immense revenues, enough to compensate them for the numerous failures of after years—for "The Mikado" was the last success of Gilbert and Sullivan, though the score by no means represented the final or best achievement of the composer.

Six or seven years previously they had experienced a similar boom on a smaller scale when "Pinafore" was produced. Having taken no precautions to protect their interests in this fragile piece, it was promptly pirated, and the profits they won were comparatively small. Having been taught by experience, precautions were taken whereby all the profits due to the creators were collected, and for twenty-two years the work has continued to be one of the most valuable theatrical properties the world has ever known. Within the past few weeks the Lord Chamberlain of England, whose servant the censor and licenser of plays is, has confiscated this property so far as the British Isles are concerned. Luckily the British censorship does not extend beyond the seas that bound those isles, and anyone may produce the work in Canada so long as he pays the royalties. Indeed, it is probable that the advertisement the piece has obtained by becoming an international question will lead to its revival in the United States and other countries.

The great "Mikado" boom continued for two or three years as a managerial proposition, after which it passed into the repertoire of summer opera companies and amateur singing societies. It was the attempted revival of it on a sumptuous scale in London this season that brought about the prohibition. Though no reason is vouchsafed, rumor has it that this was by direct interposition of the King, who felt that the character of the work was an affront to the Japanese people, to whom the Mikado is a deity.

In the twenty-two years since the work was produced a new generation of playgoers has grown up, many of whom know of "The Mikado" as a legend. They probably know some of its airs—if not in their original form, in the various guises in which they have been used by the scores of light composers who have since filched them. To these and to some of the old playgoers to whom the work is but a vague and pleasant memory, a brief recapitulation may be interesting.

At the time when "The Mikado" was produced Japan was not the prosaic "first-class power" that it is to-day. It was vaguely thought of as a far-away fairy land like the dream country of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." England was avid for new art movements, and the great painter, Whistler, by assimilating certain methods of the Japanese artists, had created a vogue for everything pertaining to that land. It was an offshoot of that aesthetic craze which in 1881 Gilbert had satirized so inimitably with his production of "Patience." Gilbert, though a paradox maker, was in his prime a shrewd judge of the public mind. He had shown it in "Pinafore" when the English people were agitated over the declining condition of the navy. When "The Pirates of Penzance" was presented, with the satirical military character of Major-General Stanley, the public was disgusted about the Majuba Hill episode. In taking up the Japanese craze he chose to make Japan a topsy-turvy kingdom as marvellous as Alice's "Wonderland." But at the same time he preserved for the eye the picturesque qualities of Japanese art. It was remarked at the time how suggestive the tableaux were of the pictures then in vogue. The idea was sounded by the opening chorus of men in gorgeous costumes standing stiffly as though upon a fan or screen:

"If you think we are worked by strings  
Like a Japanese marionette,  
You don't understand these things;  
It is simply court etiquette."

The satire in "The Mikado," however, is more genial than in "The Pirates." The latter had nothing to do with Japan, but dealt in a light-hearted way with officialdom in general. As has been intimated, Gilbert had dealt more or less mordantly with home institutions. In "Trial by Jury" he laughed at the judiciary; in "Pinafore" he almost scared the censor by his treatment of the first Lord of the Admiralty; in "The Pirates" the army got some raps; in "Iolanthe" the House of Lords was the butt, and the professional aesthetes were laughed out of existence. In "The Mikado" he seemed to have no purpose but to make good sport.

It is true that the Emperor of Japan is represented as a sort of comic Nero (who was also a deity), but in a manner so lively and so jocund that the Mikado, who must have a shrewd suspicion that he is not a demi-god might laugh at it himself. The satire is more forceful in the character of Pooh-Bah, a nepotist who has appropriated nearly every state office to himself—a pompous bribe-taker and a solemn prevaricator. In naming this character Gilbert added a new word to the English language which will eventually get into the dictionaries. Every school boy knows the significance of the word "pooh-bah." Strangely enough this title and that of a minor character, Pish Tush, were taken from an early nonsense ballad of Gilbert's about a cannibal king. The masculine type of woman is made fun of in Katisha; and the role of Koko, the Lord High Executioner, is pure fun, and the traditions of the part are largely bound up with

the personality of Mr. George Grossmith, the original of the part who was in 1885 at the zenith of his fame as an eccentric comedian. The balance of the characters are merely singing roles with charming ditties to render.

The episodes from start to finish are solemnly ridiculous. It is essential to the effect of the piece that the characters should treat the fantastic complications as though they were serious. Nanki-Poo, heir to the throne, has fled from the court of his father the Emperor rather than wed the daughter-in-law-elect, Katisha. He disguises himself as second trombone in the town band of Titipu. Here he encounters the beauteous Yum Yum, and finds that she is pledged to wed the miserable little tailor, Koko, her guardian. The opera opens with his return to Titipu to gaze once more on his beloved. He finds that fortunes have changed. Koko is no longer a person of low degree, but has been chosen to the most honorable post in the town, that of High Executioner with a coadjutor, Pooh-Bah, who is Lord High Everything Else. The reason is explained to him. The Mikado has passed a decree against flirting and any man guilty of the crime shall be beheaded. The Mikado's decree is circumvented and Koko, who is under death sentence, obtains his promotion in this wise:

"And so we straight let out on bail  
A convict from the county jail  
Whose head was next  
On some pretext  
Condemned to be mown off,  
And made him Headman, for we said  
'Who's next to be decapitated  
Cannot cut off another's head  
Until he's cut his own off.'"

Shortly afterward Koko makes his entrance with his ditty "Taken from a Country Jail," followed by the famous topical song which gave a new cant phrase to the language:

"As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,  
I've got a little list—I've got a little list—  
Of society offenders who might well be under ground  
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed."

In the original text the allusions were wholly British, and many versions of it have since been sung *ad lib.* to fit the topics of the day. There is certainly nothing to upset the policy of Japan in this patter song.

The entrance of the three little maids, the kissing duel between Yum Yum and Nanki-Poo, are dainty episodes, and the plot resumes when Koko learns that the Mikado is within a few weeks to visit the city. He at once assumes that the reason of the visit is that there have been no recent beheadings in Titipu. Pooh-Bah suggests to him that it is his duty to cut his own off, but this suggestion Koko rejects with emphasis. While he is in this quandary, Nanki Poo comes in preparing to kill himself, and after some excruciatingly funny dialogue an agreement is struck whereby Nanki Poo is to marry Yum Yum and after one month is to be beheaded. The act ends with the brilliant finale, "He's Going to Marry Yum Yum," interrupted by the entrance of Katisha, who recognizes the prospective bridegroom as the missing heir-apparent, but is shouted down by the chorus when she tries to tell who he is.

Act II. opens with the preparations for the wedding, containing two or three beautiful lyrics. Then the discovery is made that by the Mikado's decree, when a married man is decapitated, his wife must be buried alive. Yum Yum does not relish marriage under such conditions. Her position is stated by Koko:

"Here's a state of things!  
To her life she clings!  
Matrimonial devotion  
Doesn't seem to suit her notion,  
Burial it brings!  
Here's a state of things!"

Nanki Poo resolves to kill himself at once, despite Koko's protest that he is under contract to die at the hands of the public executioner; but Pooh Bah arrives with the news that the Mikado is even then approaching the gates of the city. Koko is in a panic; Nanki Poo offers to serve as a victim immediately, but the executioner's nerve gives way. He couldn't kill a fly. He tells him to marry Yum Yum and clear out. The Mikado is announced with ceremony and enters accompanied by Katisha. The entrance is in part as follows:

MIKADO.—In a fatherly kind of way  
I govern each tribe and sect,  
All cheerfully own my sway.  
KATISHA.—Except his daughter-in-law-elect!  
As tough as a bone,  
With a will of her own,  
Is his daughter-in-law-elect!  
MIKADO.—My nature is love and light—  
My freedom from all defect.  
KATISHA.—Is insignificant quite  
Compared with his daughter-in-law-elect!  
Bow! Bow!  
To his daughter-in-law-elect.

The Mikado then sings his famous topical song:

"A more humane Mikado never  
Did in Japan exist;  
To nobody second  
I'm certainly reckoned  
A true philanthropist.  
It is my very humane endeavor  
To make to some extent  
Each evil liver  
A running river  
Of innocent merriment.  
My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To let the punishment fit the crime,  
The punishment fit the crime,  
And make each prisoner pent  
Unwillingly represent  
A source of innocent merriment,  
Of innocent merriment."

The verses which follow in the original song are full of British allusions, dating from 1885; and many newer verses have been sung.

Assuming that he has come to make an investigation as to the paucity of decapitations, Koko, Pooh-Bah and a female character, Pitti-Sing, chant a more harrowing ac-

count of imaginary execution of Nanki-Poo. The Mikado listens blandly, and then remarks: "All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter." And then he intimates that he is in search of Nanki-Poo. Glancing at the death warrant, he finds that this is the victim just executed, and says, "Dear, dear, this is very tiresome. My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan. . . . It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he deserved all he got!"

Then, after all have thanked the monarch for his graciousness, he starts them by trying to recall the punishment for compassing the death of the heir-apparent and pondering, says: "Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry."

They plead ignorance of the identity of the victim, who is supposed to be a second trombone.

Koko:—If your majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

MIKADO:—Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says: "Compassing the death of the heir-apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

He fixes the execution for after luncheon, and blandly withdraws.

The above are supposedly the passages which have led to the prohibition of the work. The denouement is reached in a characteristically Gilbertian way. Nanki-Poo is hunted up, but refuses to come back to life unless Koko relieves him by marrying Katisha. The Lord High Executioner wins her by professing infatuation and melts her heart with the burlesque sentimental ballad of the Little Tom Tit.

The Mikado returns with the remark that he has made a capital luncheon, and is ready for the rest of the entertainment. Nanki-Poo is produced, and the following explanation is made:

Koko:—Your Majesty, it's like this: It is true I stated I had killed Nanki-Poo—

MIKADO:—Yes, with most affecting particulars.

POOH-BAH:—Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to another wise bald and uninteresting narrative.

Koko:—Will you refrain from putting in your oar! (To Mikado) It's like this: When Your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically it is done—because Your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says "Kill a gentleman," and the gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently the man is as good as dead—practically he is dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

MIKADO:—I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

Such is the gist of the most delightful comic opera that has been given to the English stage. In this recapitulation of the story the writer has dealt more particularly with those details which might account for the censor's decision. It may be added that there is not a dull line in it anywhere, and that the sparkling gaiety of the music never flags. It is replete with joyous lyrics. Curiously enough, Sullivan, in looking about for a Japanese theme for the Mikado's entrance, innocently selected that of a disrobing song of immoral significance. It is not probable, however, that this is the basis of the objection.

"The Mikado" did not prevent the cementing of the Japanese alliance. In fact the writer has been informed that years ago it was sung in Yokohama for the foreign colony under the title of "Three Little Maids," with the Mikado reduced to rank of the governor of a province. Plays have been enacted in England for years much more offensive to the Russian government. The British censor is a silent, mysterious being, and his decision must remain a marvel. It has been well said that this prohibition, which, as has been pointed out, is also confiscation is as arbitrary and ridiculous as anything in the text of the opera.

Toronto, May 15, '07.

Sydney Olivier, C.M.G., who has been appointed Governor of Jamaica to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham, entered the Colonial Office at the time of the open competition twenty-five years ago. He has been Acting Colonial Secretary of British Honduras and Auditor-General of the Leeward Islands. He was Colonial Secretary of Jamaica for five years and Acting Governor in three different years. He has written many articles on socialism and economics.

Literary London is divided as to the suffragette agitation. The Argonaut notes that Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have declared against female voters, while on the other side are ranged Sarah Grand, Violet Hunt, and other skirted celebrities. Israel Zangwill, George Meredith, and Richard Whiteing are among the literary men who have declared for the suffragettes.



Indignant Millionaire (inspecting his new portrait gallery)—Moss, what's all this? Oo are all these chaps—Vandyke, Sir Joshua What's-is-name? Didn't I say I wanted my ancestors?—Tatler.

## Authors Who are Men of Action.

THE lives of literary men are seldom many-sided, and afford poor pickings for the biographer in search of picturesque matter, says Life. Yet, continues that entertaining weekly, the list of writers who have been men of action, too, or whose careers encompass other forms of activity and experiment, is not inconsiderable. We submit some random notes of passing interest.

H. G. Wells is the son of a professional cricketer, and served as a draper's apprentice before he took to scientific studies and, later, to literature. Imagine the author of "A Modern Utopia" as a haberdasher. As Hedda Gabler's husband would say, "Fancy that!"

We talk of Americans as expert in "picking up" things. But consider the case of Bernard Shaw, in the days when there were no correspondence schools. Because his father had the bad judgment to go into business, for which he was unsuited, George Bernard's formal education was limited to what he could acquire up to the age of fourteen in a Methodist school in Dublin. Yet eventually he "picked up" enough exact information to act successfully as art, music and dramatic critic of various London newspapers and periodicals. We detect here an analogy to the disputed learning of Shakespeare, and regret that we have not the space to pursue it.

One does not think of W. S. Gilbert as a military man (he is now a justice of the peace), yet for many years he held a captaincy in the Third Battalion of Royal Highlanders—where he doubtless got his "model of a modern major-general."

H. Rider Haggard helped to hoist the British flag over the Transvaal Territory in 1877. Had not the Boers forbidden, he might have fallen fighting the Zulus years before, but he lived to awake in London, to find himself famous as the author of "King Solomon's Mines."

It is not so surprising to learn that the author of "Typhoon"—Joseph Conrad, master in the merchant service—took to sea at the tender age of thirteen, after his father, a Polish revolutionist, had died at Warsaw.

It took Thomas Hardy a long time to discover himself as a novelist. He came to realize it only after he had made some headway in his profession of architect, and when he had decided to abandon architecture for art criticism.

If F. Marion Crawford had not early found his metier as a maker of romance, he might have sailed the seas for a living. As it is, he holds professional master's certificates from the Association of American Shipmasters and the United States Marine Board.

George W. Cable is entitled to some leisure in his New England home. At the age of fourteen he was helping to support the family. A trooper in the Civil War, he became at its close a cashier and bookkeeper for a firm of cotton factors in New Orleans, and remained at that employment for fourteen years, till 1879, when he made his literary reputation with "Old Creole Days."

Jack London has been an oyster pirate, a fish patrolman, a longshoreman, a goldminer and a tramp.

F. Hopkinson Smith, "author, artist, engineer, contractor, raconteur"—all at one and the same time—built the Race Rock lighthouse and the Block Island breakwater.

James Whitcomb Riley began life as a journeyman sign-writer, and later joined a theatrical troupe, for which he rewrote plays and improvised songs.

Joaquin Miller has lived to write his reminiscences of the time he was a lawyer, a miner, an express messenger, a newspaper editor and correspondent and an Indian fighter.

Edwin Markham in his youth herded cattle and sheep and worked as a blacksmith. His descent into poetry was made in later years.

Ulysses of the wandering foot ultimately settled down. And so has Charles F. Lummis. Every little while a copy of "Out West" comes to remind us that, after all, one cannot be perpetually peripatetic; that the editorial easy chair has ensnared the activities of him who fared afoot from Canada to Chile for the sheer love of it. Mr. Lummis is quite the most accomplished tramp that ever swapped the saddle for Shanks's mare. He acquired the walking habit early in the '80s, when he abandoned a newspaper desk in Ohio and took a pleasant roundabout stroll from Cincinnati to Los Angeles—a matter of 3,500 miles; and it clung to him through his subsequent explorations in the land of *poco tiempo* and elsewhere.

The story of the substitution by Napoleon of the bee for the fleur-de-lis as a symbol of imperial power is an instance of the manner in which he continually strove to outdo the Bourbons, whom he supplanted, says the Scrap Book. The Emperor, wishing to have some regal emblem more ancient than the fleur-de-lis, is said to have adopted the bee under the following circumstances.

When the tomb of Childeric (the father of Clovis) was opened, in 1653, there were found, besides the skeletons of his horse and page, his arms, crystal orb and other articles. There were also found more than three hundred models of what the French heralds mistook for bees, "of the purest gold, their wings being inlaid with a red stone, like carnelian." These "bees" were accordingly sprinkled over the imperial robe, as emblematical of enterprise and activity. But these small ornaments, resembling bees, were only what in French are called *fleurons*, supposed to have been attached to the harness of the war-horse. Handfuls of them were found when the tomb was opened at Tournay, and sent to Louis XIV. They were deposited on a green ground at Versailles, which was adopted by Napoleon as the original Merovingian color. This fact was related to W. Ewart, M.P., by Augustin Thierry, the celebrated historian.

About forty years ago the adjudicators of the Arnold historical essay prize at Oxford University were wearily plowing through the usual lot of commonplace compositions, when they suddenly lighted on one which was not commonplace. The subject was "The Holy Roman Empire," says The Argonaut, and it is not too much to say that these cynical dons were electrified to enthusiasm. Hastily awarding it the prize, they opened the sealed envelope and found that it was the work of one James Bryce, aged twenty-five, who is now British Minister to the United States. His essay has been reproduced in several languages and to this day is a standard on the subject.

A writer in The Saturday Evening Post says eighty per cent. of Calgary is owned by Americans. It is surprising that a journal so usually well informed should make such a statement. The largest property owners in Calgary, such as Senator Loughheed, Judge Travis, Mr. Burns and others, are native-born Canadians. While Americans, or rather ex-Americans, hold a considerable amount of property in Calgary, it is safe to say that they are in the minority. At the same time, the ex-Americans of Calgary are counted as amongst our best and most enterprising citizens.—Calgary Herald.

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## A TRIP TO THE FAR NORTH

Ernest Thompson-Seton is About to Make an Exploration of the Country Beyond Great Slave Lake, a Vast Area in Which He Thinks an Empire Might be Created.

**M**R. ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON, the well-known writer of wild animal stories, is starting on a trip to the far Canadian north, which will no doubt have interesting and important results. He is accompanied by E. A. Preble, biologist of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The Calgary Herald notes that the ultimate destination of these gentlemen is the barren lands lying to the north and east of Great Slave lake. In order to reach this point the travellers will proceed west to Edmonton, and from thence by stage to Athabasca Landing. From Athabasca Landing they go directly north to Athabasca lake and thence by Slave river to Great Slave lake. From the lake they will proceed by canoe north and east, beginning their real work. The entire summer will be spent in paddling through a network of rivers and lakes of the country, every opportunity being taken to study the conditions which obtain there.

In an interview with a Winnipeg newspaper, Mr. Thompson-Seton said, while in that city:

One of the primary objects of my trip to the barren lands is to obtain typical pictures of the wild animals which are found there. For this purpose I am carrying with me two of the best cameras obtainable. I wish to study especially the caribou and the musk ox. It has been said that in earlier years the caribou ranged this country in immense herds. I desire to ascertain whether this is still the case, and if possible to secure a photograph of one of these great bands. This is one of the objects which I have in making the journey. Another is connected with the question of the possible future colonization of this great area.

"There are hundreds of thousands of people living in northern Europe, in a country which is in many respects not to be compared as a place of residence to the so-called barren lands of the north. Seven years ago I visited Norway and studied conditions obtaining there. On that high plateau, of which the interior of Norway consists, you will find the rural population cultivating little spaces in the valleys not more than twenty feet square. Hay is cut from these most minute patches. So much hay will support a goat for a month. Every little patch on that plateau of Norway is cared for in this way. The barren lands of northern Canada would be a paradise to such people. Instead of a little patch the size of a bed quilt, they would have a quarter section.

The barren lands of the north are so called, not because they are really barren, but because they do not produce trees. That portion of the continent corresponds to the part of a mountain which is above the tree line. They produce grass and moss without limit, but not trees.

To the south of this great district there is the region of trees also a very vast area. The line which divides the treeless from the treeless portion of the country does not by any means run directly east and west. It is a most irregular line running across the continent and reaching the Polar sea at the mouth of the Mackenzie. This treeless portion of the country, none of which is approached by any contemplated railway, can all be colonized and constitutes the reserve portion of the Dominion, an empire in itself.

Any country which will grow trees will also grow cattle, and any country which will grow cattle will also support man. It is inevitable that in the

years to come all this portion of the country will be peopled.

The extent of the country it is difficult to conceive. I should say that at a low estimate there were one million square miles. There is a tract two thousand miles in length and five hundred miles in width. The conditions under which men will be able to live there have not yet been determined, but men will live there in the future as surely as men continue to seek the means of sustenance in the world. Norwegian people could go into that country and create another empire.

### Rubaiyat of "Old Probs."

The Weather Prophet writes, and having writ  
Benignly back amongst His Clouds doth sit;  
Nor all the Cold Sarcasm of the Press  
Can hinder Him from thinking He is It.

And that Inverted Bowl we call the sky  
He rules from Day to Day with varied Lie!  
Lift not Your hands to Him for Help—for He  
As little really knows as You or I.

Myself when Young did eagerly Peruse  
The "Weather Indications" in the news  
For Picnics and for Balls; but evermore  
What they did promise, I did surely lose.

I sometimes think that never glows so Red  
The Dawn as when the Weather Clerk has said:  
"To-morrow—Cloudy; Heavy Winds and Showers!"—  
And Sol comes out Right Dazzling instead.

Ah, Love, could'st Thou and I somehow conspire  
To grasp the Weather Bureau scheme entire,  
Would we not quickly get on to the Job,  
And then remold it to our Heart's Desire?

For He no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But anything that strikes His Fancy goes;  
What Others think is neither here nor There—  
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows.  
—Munsey's Magazine.

Everywhere in the Old World the wheels of wagons and carriages are two or three times as heavy as those on corresponding vehicles in America, and so appear clumsy and cumbersome to us. The explanation of the difference, says The Travel Magazine, is that our wheels are made of hickory, a wood unknown abroad, which supplies the requisite strength in smaller mass.

Little Frank—"Mamma, please tell me how father got to know you."  
Mother—"One day I fell into the deep river, and your father jumped in and saved me."  
Little Frank—"Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim."  
—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Flanagan: "Well, I suppose we'll soon be having policemen, and then you'll be out of a job."  
Police Constable Flanagan: "No, my dear, I fancy you'll find the strong arm of the law will always be wearing the trousers!"—Punch.

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, but in order to leave no possible room for doubt about it, we insist upon the dress coat at all formal affairs.—Puck.



THE BUSINESS INSTINCT.

Young Droppin—Good morning Mrs. Wuzzintraid; are the daughters in?

Mrs. Wuzzintraid—No, Mr. Droppin, they're all out this morning. Mr. W.—But we'll have some in next time you call sir.—Life.

## IAN MACLAREN IN CANADA

Some Reminiscences of the Scottish Writer's Visit to the Dominion When He Was in the Zenith of His Fame.

**I**N 1896 Dr. John Watson, who as "Ian MacLaren" had become famous throughout this continent, visited America and addressed about one hundred audiences in the cities of the United States and Canada. Major J. B. Pond, who conducted the tour, recalls some reminiscences connected with this visit of the Scottish writer to Canada.

One of the most novel experiences of Ian MacLaren's career was at the time of his visit to Ottawa. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Knox Church, Galt, who has since that time made a mark as a Scotch story writer, was then a clergyman in Ottawa, and was looking after the management of the lecture, which was given in Knox Presbyterian church. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, presided. When the doctor was told that a Roman Catholic would introduce him in a Presbyterian church he was greatly surprised. Later in the evening he said to Major Pond:

"Major, isn't this a wonderful country? Think of it: I, a Scotch minister, have given readings for a gentleman of the Church of England, in a John Knox Presbyterian Church, introduced by a Roman Catholic!"

From Ottawa the party went to Kingston, where Dr. and Mrs. Watson were the guests of the late Principal Grant. The train for Toronto left at the uncomfortably early hour of 1 a.m., and it was necessary to drive out to Kingston Junction in a rickety old hack, with the thermometer at zero. Mrs. Watson didn't enjoy it, but the doctor was beaming, as though he had had a normal night's sleep.

"Janie," said he, "I guess the boys now. If we hadn't promised them are not thinking of where we are just those bicycles we wouldn't be here." And so he kept the chilly air out by making sunshine at midnight. The fire had gone out in the stove in the station waiting-room, and all the coal was locked up in the shed outside, and to crown all the train was forty minutes late. "Ian MacLaren," however, enjoyed it, and by-and-bye the train came, and the party had a comfortable ride into Toronto.

As in Montreal, the Scotch were out in force when Dr. Watson arrived in Toronto, with all their badges and insignia. They all wanted to see "Ian MacLaren," and he was unable to see any of them. After lunching at Mr. E. Gurney's the distinguished author and his wife were driven about the city all the rest of the day, until it was time to lecture. Lord Aberdeen presided, and it is a matter worthy of record that the largest audience that ever attended any one-man entertainment in Toronto, and paid fancy prices, was the one drawn to hear "Ian MacLaren's" readings. "A more enthusiastic welcome one seldom sees, especially in America," wrote Major Pond afterwards. "It was more like Welsh enthusiasm."

Dr. Watson amused the audience at the beginning of one of his lectures by telling of a letter he had received asking whether the first name of his pseudonym was pronounced Ian, Ean, Yan, Yon, Yane, John, Jan or Jane. "In answer to this question," he said, "I would say that if you want to pronounce it like an Englishman, you will say I-an, if like a Scotchman, Ee-an, and if like a Highlander, Ee-on."

"Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy!" cried an excited farm hand to his master, "will ye be sending six men with me with spades? Pat Delaney has stuck in the bog."

"Well," responded his master, "let him walk out."

"But," cried Micky, "he's in up to his ankles!"

"An' what of that? As I said, let him walk out."

"But, begorra, sir, he's in head first!"

This is the sort of jokes, thinks Life, we will see in the newspapers in the near future.

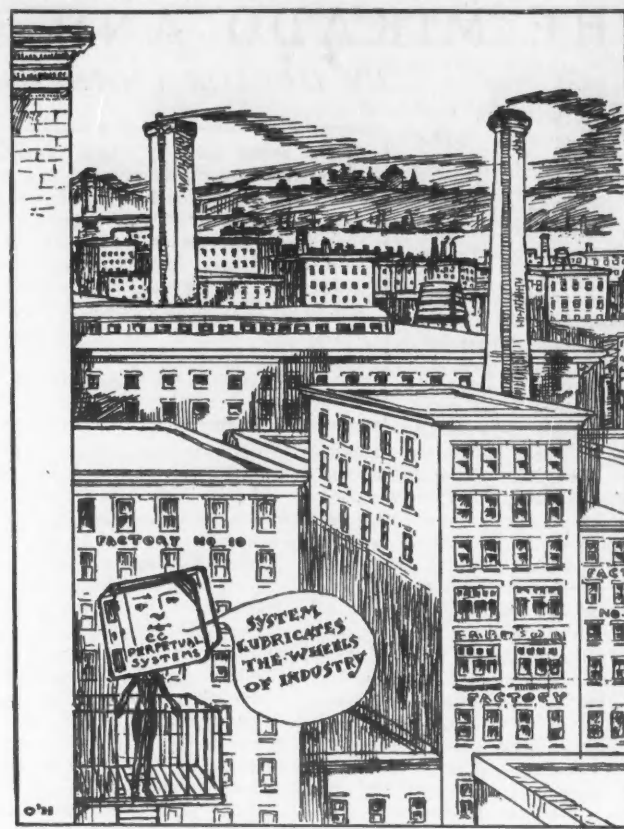
"I'm awfully frightened way up here," said the fair young thing in the air-ship.

"Worry not, Clarissa," replied Harvey Gilrocks; "your fears are groundless."

Mrs. Gasser—"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon." Mr. Gasser—"I can't believe it! Who outspoken you, my dear?"—Puck.

### VICTORIA DAY RATES.

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## The Motorist and the Pedestrian

IN an amusing commentary on human nature The San Francisco Bulletin discusses editorially the mental operations of the man in the motor-car and the man on foot. So detailed is the account that one is almost forced to believe that the writer knows from experience whereof he speaks. He says:

Seated in an automobile, even if he does not own it, the ordinary man is disposed to feel an imperious contempt for pedestrians. If a pedestrian gets into the machine's way the temporarily exalted personage in the tonneau mutters insulting comments on his stupidity and impudence. Without analyzing his own state of mind the man in the automobile views walking as plebeian, vulgar. Spinning along at a speed prohibited by law and hazardous to the safety of pedestrians, the automobilist carries pride in his port and arrogance in his mind. If the machine belongs to a friend, or is hired, the haughty occupant of the tonneau endeavors to look as though he owned it. He lolls against the padded leather in an attitude of listless ease. He strives to display an air of being bored by his eminence, his wealth, his luxuries, his sumptuous trapping. He keeps a sharp lookout from the corner of his eyes for envious acquaintances on the sidewalk on whom he may bestow a condescending nod.

If the machine in which he happens to be riding is a big, costly, first-class car, the automobilist looks down disdainfully on all cheaper cars and runabouts; although he himself, perhaps, cannot afford to keep even the cheapest automobile in the market. He talks patronizingly of "tin-cans" and "milk-wagons" as a great duke or the satellite or parasite of a great duke—"Major Pendennis," for example—might talk of the meagre establishment of a small baronet.

But when the same ordinary man finds himself deprived of his automobile, whether he owned, borrowed or hired it, he is filled immediately with the class spirit of the sidewalkers; defiant rage against the motorists. When he sees a machine whirling down Van Ness avenue he declares like a fiery Jacobin against the insolent lawlessness of these purse-proud motormen who think themselves above the speed ordinance. A driver who whips his horses into a gallop on a crowded street would be arrested at the first crossing he cries, but the automobilist skims along at twice the speed of a galloping horse and is not molested. At a crossing when a bold automobilist takes the right of way, forcing him to jump backward, the pedestrian growls, curses under his breath, like an enraged sans-culotte.

This hostility between the man in the automobile and the man on the sidewalk comes of an instinct as old as human nature.

From the earliest times the man who rides has looked down upon the man who walks; and the man who walks has hated the man who rides.

### The Failure.

Out-at-elbows, devil-may-care, Vagabond, loafer, free as air, Friendless, penniless, void of pride (Glad that the "dear dead past" had died), Brother, he, to the wastrel wind And the open sky—and he found them kind.

Unloved, unloving, a nameless rover, Wandering aye the wild world over. Now north, now south now east and west, Where living is easiest and best; Heedless of sun and wind and rain, Scornful of toil, of worth and gain.

Wayfarer on the endless road His home the world-free man's abode— His wealth the wealth of earth and sky, His deed a beauty-loving eye; Ever the guerdon of change he trailed, And who shall say that he has failed?

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

People taken by surprise sometimes say what they do not mean. A careful of people were entertained recently by a conversation which neither of the participants found comic. A train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon; lights were not yet lighted, and it was decidedly dusky within the car.

An excited and near-sighted woman hurried in, hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers as she went, and at last, as she dropped into a seat beside another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"

"Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning; whereupon the

mistaken traveller hastily apologized: "I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

Another woman, in similar circumstances, became even more confused. She was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and misled by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stepped up behind her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you!"

The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden familiarity even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir!" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me."—Youth's Companion.

It was during the time of the Spanish-American war. An officer of a Massachusetts regiment, carrying under his arm a bundle of soiled linen, called at the home of a colored woman living on the outskirts of Jacksonville, who had made quite a reputation for good laundry-work among the soldiers.

"Does yo' belong t' de Fif' Mah'land?" Lindy asked.

"No!"

"To de Hund-ed-an'-fifty-fif' Indee-an-y?"

"No!"

"Th'd Pennsellvany?"

"No!"

"Twen'y-secon' Ohio?"

"No!"

"Wale, yo' all clar outen here; Ise kep' private wash-lady by dose fo' regiments!"—Harper's Weekly.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Marie.—Pierre's study, an unsigned scrap of a letter is plainly against rules. Why did you send it? Your own writing is excellent, capable, full of snap, dominant, affectionate and ambitious. You ask if you have anything in common with the writer of the enclosure. Sure! That sort of man always appeals to your sort of woman. January 13 brings you under Capricorn and you are a fine and interesting specimen of that sign. You are apt to idealize pretty ordinary clay. It may be interesting but it brings its own punishment in the day of disillusion! Your character is strong and positive, go carefully.

Diana.—Kindly read answer to Marie, re enclosure. Really, if you come to hum-drum ways of earning a living, this isn't always outside the class. You are very sensible, honest, and practical, with much facility of expression and quickness of perception. You need dignity and poise, and some reserve to make you well-balanced. The enclosure would not suit you for a steady diet, I am afraid. You need a stronger and more advanced personality to keep you in order, and bring out the qualities you lack. No wonder you quarrel, it's inevitable. The Aquarius inconsequence, and variable strength, are liable to meet no help from a Gemini person (May 23). The best marriage partner is a Sagittarius (December) person, and there will be no monotony at all events in such a union. Both you and Marie are infinitely superior to the specimens you enclose.

R. M. C.—June 25 brings you under Cancer, the Crab, a water sign, and on noted for unexpectedness, caprice in purpose and whims generally. There are a few harmonious Cancer folk, and your writing shows you to be one of them. The mind of Cancer is mechanical, and an active life and business suits the best Cancer man. A fondness for beauty and art is a Cancer trait. This sign is governed by the moon, and often fully exemplifies her changeable and uncertain tone. And so you are down in the habitant country! And did you not send a good wish for the peace of the soul of that fine Irishman you mention, when you heard of his passing? I should enjoy hearing further of your life.

Daphne.—November 6 brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and one of the most powerful, indomitable will and purpose, and great skill in the use of the hands are Scorpio traits. Your writing shows a rather contented disposition with transient ambitions, good sense of humor, some pride, but no assertiveness, fondness for outdoor life, no desire for power, excellent and cheerful temper, good method and

considerable contemplation. You are logical, patient, adaptable, judicious and generally very discreet. Tact and taste in language is a Scorpio trait noticeable in your study. You have bright perception and some tenacity. A fine and worthy study.

Bruce Mines.—You don't suggest one of the shrieking sisterhood in the least. October 8 brings you under Libra, a very charming and magnetic sign, from which come original and graceful writers, enthusiasts, searchers for praise, great but unwise philanthropists and devotees of the arts, writers, poets and musicians flourish thereunder. Your writing is very dominant, bright and capable, but it lacks imagination, therefore you will probably be good at practical affairs. One thing certain, you know how to look out for yourself and never make a present of your confidence to any one.

Shamrock.—If a stranger enters a room where you are seated with the hostess and she presents you to each other, you need not rise, but don't "sit still and nod." That is very brusque, don't you think? An acknowledgment of the introduction may be either a quiet smile and bow, or some apropos remark, such as "I have heard such nice things of you from mutual friends," or "I was hoping to call upon you—or that you would find time to come and see me." There are lots of pleasant words in a quick brain. Please don't say "pleased to make your acquaintance." That's the limit of commonplace, and stamps you with a dye that never quite fades. (2.) No one need rise but the hostess to bid a guest good-bye, unless she be a person of rank. Then all should pay her that deference. Of course all men stand while a lady is standing whether they know her or not in properly bred circles. Nothing shocks one accustomed to such deference, than to see ill-bred men and youths lolling in chairs while a lady is standing. Old-fashioned courtesy? My dear, courtesy is never old fashioned, however much boorishness and vulgarity may be the vogue!

Busy Bee.—Here you come, buzzing around again! Who goes best with June 14? Aquarius, (air) or Virgo (earth). But June 14, who desires to-day what was loathed yesterday, and of which will come weariness to-morrow, is ill to suit. Certainly, unless both have made good progress in overcoming their faults, a Gemini or Aquarius match would likely be an uneasy proposition. Both are air people, both restless, unsettled and often anxious.

Susannah.—Just on the borders where you reside, the two peoples are so alike that I don't wonder at your remark, but go further afield and they differ so much, that nothing could be more opposed. Well, now, Susie, your writing is very wavering, and looks as if you hadn't long inhabited this vale of tears. It reminds me of "sweet sixteen." You are both adaptable and practical and also independent, careful of detail, and sweet tempered. But of those eloquent lines that confess character through experience, I shall have to wait till you get them. In the meantime, my love to you, for a nice little dame.

Scarlet Runner.—Now that's the best *nom de plume* I've had for a long time. You are discursive, original, full of imagination, keenly feeling everything, no half tints in your life, the vivid red and green instead. Your mind is fanciful, and dainty in conception, you are sometimes discontented, need training and some staunch support to climb by. You are an idealist, impatient of long argument, quick at conclusions, very intuitive and sympathetic, and some day you'll probably

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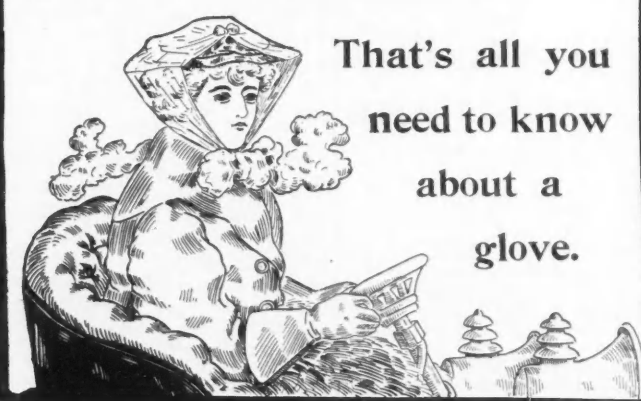
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## THE DRAMA



James K. Hackett  
Appearing in "The Walls of Jericho"  
at the Princess Theatre next week.

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT, the well known actor will on Monday evening next begin a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre, presenting the strong English society drama, "The Walls of Jericho."

This play, which is by Alfred Sutro, has been accepted as a work of great merit. It was presented for two years in London before its American production was made by Mr. Hackett at the Savoy Theatre, New York, where it was continuously played for the greater part of last season with as much success as was bestowed upon the London production.

The chief interest of the story centres about its hero, Jack Frohisher, an Australian, who has made an enormous fortune, and, returning to England, has married the daughter of a peer. In the shallow but treacherous currents of the London drawing room, where intrigue, slander and gambling at bridge whist are the substitutes for the normal and honest activity, Jack Frohisher endures the London social life for three years, entirely submissive to his wife's will, but at length he revolts. The attentions paid to his wife by a notorious rake and for a time accepted by her is the last straw for the patient husband. He once again becomes the man that he was in Queensland and insists upon dominating circumstances instead of allowing them longer to dominate him. In an intensely dramatic quarrel with his wife, in which he bitterly anathematizes the society in which he has been living, he announces his determination to return to Queensland and to take his wife and their little son with him. She refuses to go. On the day before he is to sail husband and wife have an accidental meeting, and he, realizing the sorrow that it will cause his wife to be deprived of their child, he consents to leave him behind. This concession melts the mother's pride; and she calls to him just as he is leaving and there is no reconciliation.

Mr. Hackett has given the play a production that is in every way worthy, and has surrounded himself with a capable company, including David Glassford, Arthur R. Lawrence J. Cleneay Matthews, Orlando Daly, H. Newkirk Clugston, John Hooper, F. Atkinson, P. Jefferson Rollow, F. A. Sullivan, Miss Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Miss Blanche Ellice, Mrs. Sam Sothern, Miss Evelyn Welding, Miss Isabel Goodwin, Mrs. Felix Morris, Miss Catherine Calhoun and Miss Beatrice Beckley.

No Wednesday matinee will be given next week but in its place there will be a special holiday matinee on Friday, May 24, Victoria Day, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee, which will be given as usual.

WHEN Knighthood was in Flower will be the attraction at the Grand next week. In the course of the play, as in the book, the action centres about Mary Tudor, Princess of England, the madcap sister of the irascible Henry the Eighth. This role is portrayed by Grace Merritt in a captivating manner. It is said that Princess Mary, as she dances in and out of every scene as changing as a summer sky, now haughty as only a royal princess can be, now wilful and defiant, again sweet and tender as becomes her, but always winsome. It is a difficult role that Miss Merritt essays, but one to which she proves herself equal. In the more serious third and fourth acts she shows, it is claimed, a depth and versatility which is surprising. Mr. Alfred Swenson has been chosen from a

number of New York leading men to support Miss Merritt as Charles Brandon.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" is a stirring play, and no doubt it will attract large and enthusiastic audiences to the popular Adelaide street theatre all next week.

THE bill at Shea's Theatre next week will be headed by Charlotte Parry and Company, presenting "The Comstock Mystery." Others on the bill are the Great Jackson Family, The Three Keatons, Thorne & Carleton, World's Comedy Four, Paul Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne. Attractive kinetograph pictures will be given.

THE Importance of Being Earnest, is a three-act comedy, and "Gringoire, The Ballad-Monger," a one-act romance from the French, which will be presented at the Princess Theatre by the Toronto Press Club during the second week of the race-meeting, will form one of the most interesting double bills to be seen here this season. In "The Importance of Being Earnest," a double love affair, which is carefully guided through many amusing complications, is the foundation for three acts of diverting comedy, in which well-known society types are satirized.

Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott will head the company which will present it and with him will be Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the production is made. Miss Berenice Parker will be the leading feminine support. The company, which consists of ten people in all, will include Miss Evelyn Bliss, Miss Alice Denzil and Miss Lucy Doyle, Mr. Egbert Durand, Mr. J. Harry Smith and Mr. Allan Green. "Gringoire," the wandering musician and rhymster whose verses made him a celebrated character in the reign of Louis XI will be enacted by Mr. Pigott, while the part of Louis XI, himself, will be taken by Mr. Paterson. In this piece, Mr. Durand will also appear, together with Mr. Gordon Muir. Tickets may be obtained from members of the Press Club in any of the newspaper offices.

"THE Lion and the Mouse," the drama by Charles Klein which has been played this week at the Princess Theatre by a fairly well-balanced company without a star, is one of very considerable current interest. It is a modern adaptation of an old story. Judge Rossmore falls foul of John Burkett Ryder, a king of finance, and is ruined. His daughter, Shirley, while abroad and unaware of happenings at home, meets the millionaire's son and they fall in love with each other. On her return Shirley seeks to save her father from penury and disgrace, and succeeds by winning the confidence and regard of Ryder, senior.

The playwright has aimed to combine in Ryder the characteristics of two or three of the outstanding figures in the American world of finance, and has succeeded admirably. His brusque, autocratic, querulous manner is just such as we picture the great trust magnate to possess. Oliver Doud Byron, a highly intelligent and well-schooled actor, plays the role with excellent effect. His nervous energy, his strident voice and snappy utterance, the play of his capable hands—his whole characterization, in fact—make the average theatre-goer feel that he sees before him in the flesh a genuine American juggler of finance of the first class.

Miss Grace Elliston, who plays the role of Shirley Rossmore, has a lot of work to do. It is to her credit that she has given the part careful study, and it is evident that she spares no effort to act it capably. She speaks her lines, however, rather after the manner of a student of dramatic reading. Her voice is also against her, being thin and high-pitched. Yet



Grace Merritt  
As Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood was in Flower," which comes to the Grand next week.

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Miss Elliston has considerable ability, and with judicious coaching, she should make no small success on the stage.

Frazer Coulter, as ex-Judge Stott, delivers his lines somewhat in the fashion of a heavy-voiced, serious-minded young theological student practicing on a country congregation. The rest of the cast are quite capable.

The play on the whole is most interesting. Here and there the dialogue is very smart.

A LARGE number of people are finding pleasure and having their emotions stirred by the presentation of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand this week. This homely, wholesome play is a good one for anyone to hear, and it will be a long time growing stale.

This year the role of Iachlan Campbell, which used to be so finely played by the late J. H. Stoddard, is taken quite capably by J. Palmer Collins. Chas. E. Bloomer succeeds Reuben Fax as Posty, and invests the part with plenty of fun. The other members of the cast do effective acting, and the staging of the piece is excellent.

THE bill at Shea's this week is scarcely up to the high average that has been maintained this season at the popular vaudeville house. John Rice and Sally Cohen present a sketch called "All the World Loves a Lover." Mazuz and Mazette are amusing in an acrobatic turn. Others figuring are the Four Rianos, the Orpheus Comedy Four, the Colonial Septette of musicians, and the eccentric dancer, John Donahue.

HAL.

### England's Wicked Smart Set.

The orgies of the Upper Ten Come to our notice now and then. And make us shudder as we read Of the quite too fearful lives they lead.

In country houses nowadays They're always getting some new craze: All night they play (says one who knows) That feverish pastime, Dominoes.

You notice some one looking wry; You ask a friend the reason why. "Last night," he answers, "poor old chap, He lost his little all at Snap!"

Young girls are often asked to stay: They foolishly begin to play . . . Some shark their year's allowance wins In half an hour at Spillikins.

Far greater than may be you think The usual stake at Tiddleywinks. Sustained bad luck at Halma leads To reckless, suicidal deeds.

Oh, for those golden, distant days When they shall mend their wicked ways, When millions shall no more be paid Across the table at Old Maid!

—London Globe.

One of the delicious treats London offers Americans is the acting and accessories in her theatres. The orchestra stalls or balcony stalls (both are "swell") are very sumptuous and very roomy, and are evidently created on purpose to appeal to hearty diners. The usher is a very tidy young woman, in black dress and co-

quettish cap and apron, possessed of a sweet face and a still sweeter voice. You pay her a sixpence for each programme. The stage settings are perfect in detail. Best of all is the elocution of the players. From the rising of the curtain even unto the going down of the same, each and every word uttered is as clear and tuneful as the tinkle of a silver bell. You don't have to wait till the middle of the first act before you can even guess what the plot is about. Under these unusual circumstances the interest one takes in a play is greatly enhanced, and he wonders why an American company is not as well drilled.—Travel Magazine.

Many a man has become a jailbird because he tried to feather his nest.—Guelph Herald.



## TENDERS

### For Coal and Wood

Sealed Tenders, endorsed "Tenders for Coal and Wood," addressed to H. F. McNaughton, Secretary of Public Works Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, the 28th May, 1907, for the supply of Coal and Wood to Government House, Parliament Buildings, Osgoode Hall, and Educational Buildings, Toronto, and for the Normal and Model Schools at Ottawa; the Normal School, London; the Institution for the Blind, Warrford; and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, for the twelve months ending June 30th, 1908. Forms of tender and conditions of contract, with quantities and quality of coal required, supplied on application to the Department.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

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Department of Public Works, Toronto, May 10th, 1907.

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EXCEPTIONALLY few great solo artists have visited Toronto this season. The list of pianists, violinists and singers is singularly meagre. The circumstance is probably merely fortuitous and not at all due to an intention to pass Toronto by or to a supposition that recital concerts here do not pay. On the other hand an unusually large number of concerts and recitals have been given by our local societies and musicians, and the quantity of music that has been offered has been immense.

Mr. David Ross, the well known baritone, who has been studying opera repertoire under Signor Laura at Milan is expected to return early next month. During his absence he has studied about twenty operas. He has received an invitation to sing at Covent Garden theatre, and may accept it and go to London in the autumn.

There is no better proof of a singer's ability to please than in the re-demand for their services. Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, the local soprano, sang in Knox church on Thursday evening last for the fifth time in Hamilton this season.

In addition to Hamilton Mrs. Pickard has filled, since October last, no fewer than fifteen return engagements, five of which were in Massey Hall.

A music recital is being arranged to be given in Bloor street Baptist church on Monday evening, June 3rd. The choir of the church will have the assistance of Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Florence McKay, Mr. Rhyn Jamieson and H. F. Pickard, organist.

The testimonial concert to Dr. Torrington to be given in the Metropolitan church on Tuesday evening next promises to be one of the big events of the season. Miss Eileen Millett, for many years soprano soloist of the church, but now of Franklin, Penn., is coming to take part in the programme. Besides there are such well known talent as Leonore James Kennedy and Alvena M. Springer, soprano; Mrs. Merry contralto; Miss Grace Merry, reader; J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Arthur Blight, baritone; H. Ruthven Macdonald, bass; Albert Jordan, solo organist, London; the church choir, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist.

After the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth there was a banquet at the Fantasie, at which Neumann happened to sit next to Hanslick. This critic, who had been a life-long enemy of Wagner, had been so deeply impressed by "Parsifal" that he made no effort to mar the enthusiasm of the occasion, and he wrote about this work much more favorably than he had written about the "Ring" operas. At the same banquet a discordant note was introduced by Forster, who suddenly said: "You will see, Wagner will soon die." When asked why he thought so, he answered: "A man who has created what we have just witnessed can live no longer; he has finished, he must die soon." Less than seven months later Wagner was in his grave.

The Paris correspondent of The St. James Gazette writes:

I should like you to see Chaliapine, the great Russian basso, whom Herr Conrad of New York has secured for the opera season at the Metropolitan. If he does not make a sensation there, as he walks down Broadway, even before his voice is heard, I am very much mistaken, and he must have changed very much since I heard him in Boito's "Mephistopheles" at Orange. Not since the days when Maurel's Iago gave the critics a subject worthy of their mettle, and set their imaginations mad in search of a rhetoric rarely demanded by an operatic performer, has such a presence and such a dramatic gift been seen on the operatic stage.

Chaliapine is only thirty-six years old, and has already had twenty years' experience. He was only sixteen when he was the basso of a miserable little opera company in Russia, and glad to sing for ten pounds a month. At the time he rudely broke his contract with the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, and gayly sailed away to America, gladly paying his heavy indemnity—he was earning a hundred pounds a performance, a very big price in Russia. The public that adores him will mourn his absence, but I am afraid it will be years before his countrymen hear him again

on his native heath, for Chaliapine is a most revolutionary spirit.

Not long ago he refused to sing in "La Vie pour le Tsar," by Glinka, one of the great Russian composers, and although it cost him a heavy fine, he was neither sent to Siberia nor dismissed from the opera. His name on the programme always insured a full house. I remember that some five years ago, when the great Russian singer, Godefro Korsoff, made his farewell appearance in St. Petersburg, before retiring to private life in Paris, Chaliapine was the only singer in the long programme who was paid. He received a hundred pounds simply because with him in the bill the beneficiarie was sure of a packed house, even at the increased prices, and Chaliapine's services could not be obtained otherwise, owing to his arrangement with his impresario. Tall, fair, magnificently set up, Chaliapine—a great actor, and one of the best singers in the world—will make even Pol Plancon's Mephistopheles look undistinguished.

Last Sunday, the music at St. Luke's church, corner St. Joseph and St. Vincent St., was appropriate to the festival of the Ascension. In the evening the choir, under the direction of Mr. G. H. P. Darby, sang Woodward's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in D and Gounod's "Unfold ye Portals." An orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Francis Grattan assisted and played several instrumental numbers. During the offertory Mr. Saunders rendered a solo on the cello, viz., Godard's Berceuse, Joselyn. Tomorrow being Whit Sunday and the following Sunday being Trinity Sunday, the orchestra will assist at evening-song.

The following piano, vocal and organ pupils of the Toronto College of Music, gave a recital in the College Hall, on Monday evening, May 13th: Piano—Eva Clarke, Edna McCorkindale, Lillian Thompson, Albert Fall, and Ida L. Attridge. Vocal—Fred Hopkins. Organ—Howard West. The teachers represented were: W. E. Fairclough, T. C. Jeffers, Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, Miss L. Porter, Miss G. Anderson, Miss E. M. Robinson and Miss M. McDonald.

The choir of Wesley Methodist Church under the direction of Mr. G. D. Atkinson, gave an interesting musical evening recently to an audience which completely filled the large new school room of the church. The choral numbers included Sullivan's "O Hush Thee" and "O Gladsome Light." Neidlinger's "Rock-a-bye" for ladies' voices, Fanning's "Miller's Wooing," and the Lavalley-Richardson arrangement of "O Canada," which last was conducted by Dr. Richardson himself. This choir, which is fast making a reputation for itself, particularly in its unaccompanied work quite surpassed any of its previous efforts along this line. One might note particularly the refinement of tone in the pianissimo work and the splendid control which the conductor had of his forces. Miss Grace Merry was the reader of the evening, and her efforts need no praise. Miss Dorothy Bonnard and Miss Myrtle Watson, pianoforte pupils of Mr. Atkinson, contributed movements from the Mendelssohn G minor and Greig A minor Concertos, respectively, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mr. Atkinson. The following members of the choir appeared as soloists: Mrs. G. D. Atkinson, Mrs. F. W. Tisdale, Misses M. L. Watson and G. M. McMurtry, Messrs. R. Almond, W. J. Clark and W. H. Norris. On Friday evening of last week the choir went to Milton by special train and gave a sacred concert in the Methodist church there. The programme was made up of unaccompanied motets by Sullivan and Gounod. The final chorus of Gounod's "Gallia," the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," solos by members of the quartette, and organ solos by Mr. Atkinson.

Mr. William Gillespie, concert baritone, has been appointed choirmaster of Bond street Congregational church. Speaking of the concert of the famous Vienna Male Chorus on Tuesday last, the Buffalo News says: "The intelligent application of educated and long-experienced singers—the number of really young men in this chorus is comparatively small—to their work, which is really their pleasure, has produced in this chorus a human song-machine, responsive to the slightest quiver of the baton, and

so sure and solid in tone that in the forte passages the effect is much like the grand organ. The lights and darks are abrupt rather than delicately shaded, and the whole tonal force of the chorus is, it might be said, of rather heavier calibre than other male choruses that have been heard here. A striking feature was the use of the falsetto amongst the first tenors. Not the "half-voice," so often used in the softer passages by our own choruses, but a real, Tyrolean warbler falsetto. It is an easy surmise that there are some yodlers par excellence in the Wiener Maennergesang Verein. The falsetto to American ears generally seems rather hollow and flaccid, especially in sustained passages and in the opening number, the 23rd Psalm, last night there was a slight tendency to strengthen in this regard, but subsequently this tone was used undeniably in fine effect.

The only body of singers heard in Buffalo this season with which any comparison may be made, is the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, and, of course, as a whole they cannot be fairly compared, as the Toronto organization is one of mixed voices, but as far as the men are concerned, it might be said that the Torontonians sing with equal verity, and perhaps more delicacy. The quality of voice as a whole seems lighter with the Canadians—not less virile but not so thunderous, and they certainly sang numbers much more difficult than any of those so splendidly given by the Viennese last night. The latter may, perhaps, arouse more enthusiasm, but the former deeper sentiment."

CHERUBINO.

## PERSONAL

The Misses Sternberg have added another to their list of successes, this season's closing exercises of the physical culture and dancing classes being the prettiest of the kind yet seen in Toronto. An overflowing audience witnessed the programme in spite of the rain, which fell heavily all afternoon. One of the prettiest numbers was the Spanish dance in costume by eight members of the advanced class. A gavotte, also in characteristic costume, was well executed, and was followed by a dainty flower dance by little Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick, the Misses Jean Thorburn and Helen Macdonell. A pastorella by Miss Kathleen Temple; narcissus, Miss Ruth Smith; sword dance, Miss Joyce Ince; skirt dances by Misses Isabel Knox, Freda Fraser, Claire Nesbitt, Lorna McLean, Marion Richardson, were also enthusiastically received. A musical programme was rendered by Mr. Bert Brown, who sang in splendid voice a stirring march song, responding to an encore with the Turney's Song from Rob Roy; and Mrs. and the Messrs. Roberts, who delighted the audience with a piano, violin and cello selection. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Arthurs, Dr. and Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Trees, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. McLean Macdonell, Mrs. Ryrrie, Mrs. Crompton, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. O'Grady, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Gordon McLean, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. G. de O'Grady.

Rev. R. H. Steacy, who has been a guest at the Queen's during the last week, returned to Ottawa on Thursday.

Dr. Harry J. Watson, who has been in Toronto for some weeks on account of his late severe illness, is now able to travel, and will be back in Winnipeg on the 20th inst.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane sailed this week for Europe. They will spend three months in England, France and Germany.

Mrs. Irons and Miss Emma T. Irons are leaving shortly to spend the summer in Europe.

Major Murray left this week to join his family in England.

Colonel and Mrs. Drummond, who were staying at Government House, Ottawa, are now spending a few days with Mrs. E. S. Clouston in Montreal.

Lady Shaughnessy and Miss Shaughnessy arrived at Quebec by the Empress of Ireland on Saturday.

Miss Muriel Whitney is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, in Ottawa.

Mr. George Beardon sailed by the Empress of Ireland for England, where he will remain for two months.

Miss Katie Hagarty gave a tea last week for Miss Hilda Reid, her cousin from England, at which a

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## Automobile Notes

Matters of Current Interest to Motorists.

A REGULAR automobile fever seems to have struck British Columbia this spring. Cars are arriving in Vancouver by the carload, and The Province says that this will be automobile year in that city. The number of the cars in daily use there is constantly on the increase, and yet numerous though they are already, the modern motor car is only just commencing to be introduced to Vancouver. Within the next few weeks the number of automobiles will be practically doubled, and motor enthusiasts confidently predict that before the end of the season the motor car will actively vie with the horse in transportation, instead of being regarded as a possible competitor as at present. Big sight-seeing automobiles will also figure conspicuously this summer in the transportation problem in connection with Stanley Park. Comfortable and roomy touring cars comprise by far the largest majority of this year's new cars. Vancouver motorists seem to have got past the runabout stage, and are going in for roomy tonneau ears that will carry five passengers, or even a couple more in a pinch. The finish shown on some of the new cars this year is certainly artistic and striking, and shows the care that is bestowed on these modern machines in the various factories. Vancouver will also have a new combined motor ambulance and patrol wagon. Even away up in the interior of British Columbia the automobile is commencing to displace the time-honored stage-coach. A twenty horse-power Canadian car has been shipped to Vernon, where it will immediately be put in commission carrying the passengers and mail between Vernon and Kelowna. The distance is slightly over thirty-four miles, and the motor car is expected to do the trip in less than two and a half hours, instead of six or seven, as was usually the case with the horse-drawn stage. As business increases other autos will be placed on this line, which is a very popular tourist trip, as the scenery along the route is conceded to be among the most picturesque in the interior.

In rural districts where sometimes even stop-watches are not available, swiftly moving automobiles are frequently stopped by constables whose only means of judging their speed is the estimate of an untrained eye. Motor Print of Philadelphia is of the opinion that the average man, the average constable even, has not the "faintest idea what a certain rate of speed means. . . . Eight miles an hour will more often be put down by the uninitiated as fifteen, the latter as twenty-five to thirty, and so on in proportion, and thus are speeds guessed at and exaggerated." It continues the discussion thus:

"Not one person in ten thousand pauses for a moment to consider that a speed of ten miles an hour means but a fraction less than fourteen and a half feet per second, or, to reduce it to terms universally comprehensible, an ordinary city block in approximately fourteen seconds. Covering the same distance in half the time means a speed of twenty miles an hour, and when this is attained it would be difficult to find a person, even of the totally disinterested bystander variety, who would not be willing to testify under oath that the car passed at a rate of not less than forty miles an hour."

Ever since the automobile first outgrew its original status of an uncertain plaything only to be toyed with by the ultra-wealthy there has been a constantly increasing contingent who have confidently looked forward to the coming of the "poor man's automobile," says The Automobile, New York. Just what financial limitations may be considered as sufficiently defining the term in a country where the per capita wealth is so high, is a query not to be answered off-hand, but current opinion has it that \$500 or thereabouts is a figure at which every man can afford to have his own car, some estimators naturally dropping considerably below this, while others consider that an additional hundred or two would not bring it beyond the category bounded by the title. Opinion likewise differs as to just what should constitute the chief features of such a car, but views differ as widely in this as in the field of the larger cars, so that it would be difficult to reconcile them, though it may be added that air-cooling and the two-cycle motor predominate very largely, for the popular automobile must be a simple machine.

At first sight it appears ridiculous to broach the subject of the poor man's automobile as being any nearer

fulfilment at the present moment than it ever has been. Well-known cars that sold for \$3,000 but three years ago have gone up fully 40 per cent., and far more of them are sold now than was the case at the lower figure; several that started at \$2,500 only two years ago have risen to \$2,800 and \$3,000, and the same tendency has been noticeable throughout, regardless of the class to which the car belongs. Better materials and better construction means better cars, but they cost more; the automobiling public has demonstrated its willingness to meet the makers on the price question, and the latter have responded generously in the matter of improvements. In the other hand there has been evolved a totally different style of machine during the same period, variously denominated the "buggy-about," the "farmer's automobile," and the like. With their simple construction, readily understood by the average man and easily repaired by the wayside blacksmith, these cars would certainly seem to represent the entering wedge that means the coming of the poor man's automobile.

There is one way, and only one way declares The Ohio State Journal (Columbus), in which exceeding the speed limit can be stopped. It has been found impracticable to arrest and fine chauffeurs or owners, for fines are of little consequence to the most serious offenders. Other suggested remedies have likewise failed. But the one offered by this paper and others is thought to promise well. After calling attention to the difficulties hitherto encountered in enforcing speed ordinances the article continues:

There is a way out of this—a clean, clear, just way, and that is to ignore the personal issue altogether, and not to consider who is to blame, or whom to fine; but just arrest the automobile, try it for plunging through the streets, reckless of life or limb, and sentence it to the pound or garage for twenty or thirty days at the expiration of which term the owner may go and release it by paying for the keep.

There would be a great advantage in treating the matter thus. It would relieve the situation of any personal blame. Neither the chauffeur nor the owner would be held to personal account. They could drop the matter and go about their business without feeling they have violated the law, for really the automobile is the guilty party. And whether it is or not ought to be a matter easily determined by a policeman of good common sense. The efficacy of a penalty of this nature would be immeasurable. The indignity, the loss of liberty and the excruciating confinement would be a sore trial to the poor automobile, and it would feel like never again violating the law or flying in the face of public sentiment.

The only way then to treat this great menace to the peace and safety of a community is to institute proceedings *ad rem* and make the automobile itself feel the pain of its guilt. That would settle the matter. After a few pangs of conscience the jig would be up.

### Not up to Expectations.

My clothes I always choose with care,  
The cloth with judgment I select,  
And money I will never spare  
To have all my attire correct.  
My tailor gives me good advice.  
His word, indeed, should carry weight,  
But though he sets the style and price,  
I don't look like the fashion plate.

I have my fittings—two or three.  
I tell the man to shape and pad.  
He's most particular with me,  
And what he does is not so bad.  
But though he uses all his skill  
And tries to make me up to date,  
And though I always pay his bill,  
I don't look like the fashion plate.

No matter whether it's a frock,  
Or business suit, or cutaway,  
My feelings always get a shock  
In spite of what my friends may say.  
They'll tell me it's a lovely set,  
And that the pattern's simply great.  
I try to like them, too, and yet,  
I don't look like the fashion plate.

—Chicago News.

### COMMENCEMENT OF "STEAM-BOAT EXPRESS."

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Mr. and Mrs. Graham Campbell have returned from abroad, and are staying with Mrs. Campbell at Carbrook, Queen's Park.

Mrs. Charles Cameron of Collingwood, accompanied by Mrs. T. F. Savage of Guelph, sailed for Europe this week.

## SOCIETY

The marriage of Miss Annie Henderson, daughter of Canon Henderson of Christ church cathedral, Hamilton, and Mr. George W. Smith, of Minneapolis, took place in the cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, the Bishop of Niagara officiating, assisted by Canon Abbott. The choir rendered a fine choral service, and a large party of friends witnessed the happy event. Miss Henderson's *robe des nocces* was of white lace, mounted on chiffon and taffeta and she wore the orthodox veil and orange blossom wreath and carried a shower of Bride roses. Miss Henderson was maid of honor, and Miss Evelyn Fisher of Toronto was bridesmaid, both gowned in pale green on silk *point d'esprit*, white hats with pink roses, and bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Garnet Byam of Minneapolis was best man. Mr. H. Smith of Toronto, and Mr. Angus Pennefather of the Bank of Montreal, were a stalwart and handsome pair of ushers. Just as the ceremony began, a brilliant burst of sunshine lit up the fine old church, through many tinted windows. A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Herkimer street. Mrs. Lizars Smith was one of the Toronto guests present.

There has been a gathering of Regents and other dignitaries connected with the Daughters of the Empire in Toronto this week for the annual meeting which took place on Wednesday at the King Edward.

Mrs. Mowat of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Wellesley street. Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa is visiting her son, Mr. Frank Taylor. Mrs. Gordon Osler is with her parents in Montreal. Mrs. Robert McCullough of Galt is visiting her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, and Toronto friends are giving her the usual hearty welcome. Friends of Mrs. H. L. Strathy have been sorry to hear of her indisposition in New York, where she has been visiting her brother, Mr. George.

Mrs. George Eakins received yesterday for the first time since her marriage at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Southam, 88 Madison avenue.

There was tea and talk after the Annual meeting of the L. O. D. E. at the King Edward on Wednesday, and on Thursday Canon and Mrs. Welch gave a tea at the rectory, which was most enjoyable.

The May garrison church parade, which has been discontinued, is one of the things one misses. The first Sunday in May used to be a great day for the military and their admirers in Toronto.

That good sport and supporter of smart coaching, Colonel Stinson, has been an invalid for some time and returned to Toronto a short time ago, accompanied by his sisters who are most devoted to a brother who has been a model of kindness to them.

A delightful at home was given from four till ten last Friday by Mrs. J. J. Graham of Dovercourt road. It was a sort of home-gathering in honor of Mrs. Graham's two sisters, Mrs. Cherry and Mrs. Winter of Providence, R.I., who are here on a visit.

## BIRTHS.

ECCLES—Winnipeg, May 14, 1907, the wife of Stanley Eccles, a son.

McMULLEN—Vancouver, B. C., May 14, the wife of Mr. James E. McMullen, a son.

OSBORNE—Toronto, May 14, 1907, the wife of J. Ewart Osborne, a daughter.

McLEAN—Collingwood, May 12, 1907, the wife of Godfrey E. McLean, a son.

MARLOW—Toronto, May 8, 1907, to Dr. and Mrs. Frederick William Marlow, a daughter.

VAN HOOGENHOUCK TULLEKEN—At The Hague, Holland, May 6, 1907, to Sir John and Lady van Hoogenhouck Tulleken, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

MALONE-SANKEY—At Macleod, Alberta, May 9, 1907, Mildred Villiers, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey of Toronto, to Willard Park Malone of Macleod, Alta.

GOLDMAN-ANSLEY—In New York City, Saturday May 11, 1907, C. E. A. Goldman to Celina Kingan Ansley.

LEWIN-HILL—Toronto, May 11, 1907, Douglas Lewin to Gladys Ethel Ladd.

GREENHILL-SEARS—At Calgary, April 30, 1907, John Alexander Greenhill, of Revelstoke, B.C., to

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Edith Blanche Sears, of Welland, Ont.

## DEATHS.

PARKER—Toronto, May 9, 1907, George Parker, in his 73rd year.

BLAIR—Umlazi Mission, Natal, South Africa, April 10, 1907, John Andrew Blair.

NELLES—Toronto, May 14, 1907, Frederick E. Nelles.

HENDERSON—Toronto, May 14, 1907, David Henderson.

EARL—Toronto, May 13, 1907, Mary H. Earl.

## "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boilers

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10% As a successful design of hot water boiler, the "SOVEREIGN" adds ten to fifteen per cent. to the selling value of any house in which it is installed.

## Benefits not to be forgot:

Q Warm air furnaces discharge dust and gas through the house—to spoil the furniture and carpets, and irritate the lungs. Q The warm air system never heats the house evenly. The rooms on "the exposed side" cannot be kept warm. Q At the end of the season the warm air furnace has saved nothing on your coal bill. Q The "Sovereign" is dustless and gasless. Q It warms every part of the house uniformly. Q It excels all other hot water boilers in several features enumerated in the booklet, "Simplified Heating." Q Write for it.

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## DIVIDEND No. 3

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

TORONTO, 24th April, 1907.

JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.

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If you have already realized the economy and comfort of cooking by gas we know that the exclusive features of the Oxford Gas Range will appeal to you at once.

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The oven is a most excellent baker. Ventilated so all the fumes of the cooking

are drawn off. Lined throughout with asbestos millboard—all the heat your gas generates stays in the oven instead of leaking into the kitchen.

All the burners are in two pieces, and may be removed for cleaning without the aid of tools. Each stove is equipped with giant and simmering burners.

The oven door, which drops down and forms a firm, solid shelf, is operated by self-closing spring hinges and a special catch, so it may be left ajar.

The new Oxford Adjustable Gas Valve is one of the small big things on this splendid range. It regulates the pressure of gas so that none is wasted when the pressure is too strong, and even when it's too low you get plenty of flame.

This excellent range costs less than many a poorer one—\$18 and \$20, according to finish.

We also have this range for the use of natural gas, the most successful range ever produced for this purpose.

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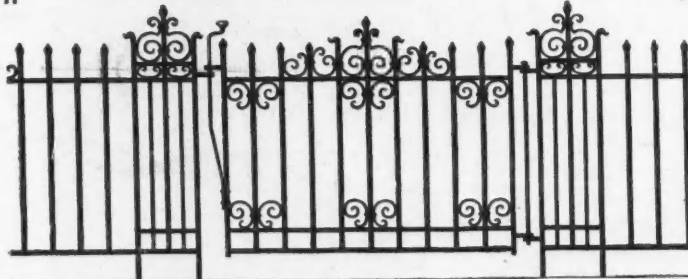
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**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT**  
26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

## Society at the Capital

**HIS EXCELLENCY LORD GREY**, accompanied by his niece, Miss Lyttleton, who had been staying at Government House for some months, left on Thursday afternoon, by special car, for Montreal, and on the following day sailed by the Virginian for England. His Excellency's visit in the motherland will be very brief, as he expects to return to Canada early in June and will be accompanied on the return trip by his eldest daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, and the three little children of the late Lady Victoria Grenfell. Lady Evelyn Grey left on the same afternoon for Washington, where she will spend a month at the British Embassy with Hon. James and Mrs. Bryce.

The Virginian also carried among her passengers Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Mrs. and the Misses Zillah and Edith Fielding, as well as Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. Nearly every week adds to the already large number of Ottawans in England, and on the continent, and among those who have recently sailed or contemplate doing so in the near future are Mrs. Douglas, who with her son, Mr. Townley Douglas, and her sister, Miss Carrie Hill, sailed last Saturday and will remain abroad for the summer months; Mrs. John Coates, who sails at the end of the month to join Mr. Coates and their two daughters who are now in London; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe who will also sail this month; Judge and Mrs. McTavish, who, with Mrs. McTavish's sister, Miss Bella Stewart, expect to leave on the 18th for Scotland. Mrs. Fred Carling will sail on the 15th to join her daughter, Miss Gladys Carling, who has been travelling abroad for some time with Miss May Loucks, and Dr. and Mrs. Thos. Gibson will leave early in July to spend some time in England and Scotland.

The ever popular tea has again been the favorite form of gathering of the past week, and as usual in nearly every case was for the special entertainment of some popular visitor to the capital. In several instances Miss Frances Thompson, of Toronto, was the cause d'être of a bright little event. Mr. Sam McDougall gave a jolly dinner of eight covers for her at the Golf Club recently, and on the same afternoon Mrs. J. Barnett MacLaren was the hostess of a charming little tea for girls, in her honor. Mrs. Norman Guthrie, on Friday, made Miss Thompson the "bright, particular star" of a most delightful tea when all the pretty girls—for the number of whom Ottawa is at present particularly noted—were present looking their prettiest in their new and dainty spring attire. The sweet young hostess looked charming in a white gown trimmed with lace. Mrs. Wilson Southam and Mrs. Clarence Burritt presided at the pretty rose-bedecked teatable and were assisted by Miss Norma Bate and Miss Katie Christie.

Mrs. James Dickey (nee Cady) of Halifax, who with her husband spent part of their honeymoon in the capital with Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Nimacke of Wilbrod street, was also a much feted guest while in town, and last week's events in her honor included a luncheon at the Golf Club on Monday, given by Mrs. John G. Foster, wife of the American Consul; a delightfully congenial little tea on Tuesday at which Mrs. Robert Sinclair was the hostess, and Mrs. Lawrence Taylor and Mrs. W. Middleton poured the tea and coffee, assisted by Miss Alice Bell, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Vernon Smith, who flitted in and out among the guests with offerings of the daintiest of edibles; a third was a tea on Wednesday, given by Mrs. Robert Bell. Mr. and Mrs. Dickey returned to Halifax on Thursday.

Col. Lawrence Drummond, who occupied the position of Military Secretary at Government House during the earlier part of Lord Minto's regime, and Mrs. Drummond, were visitors of Lord Grey's for a day during the week en route on their return to England on a trip round the world. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen and Mr. A. J. Ritchie had the pleasure of meeting them at dinner at Government House on Wednesday. Mr. Gerard Leigh, Mrs. Drummond's nephew, was with them, and on Thursday they left for Montreal to attend the horse show there and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Clouston, in Peel street for a few days before sailing for England.

One of the bright events of the earlier part of the week was a dinner given on Monday by Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff at which the follow-

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ing guests sat down to a table, bright and lovely with quantities of exquisite deep red roses: Sir James and Lady Grant, Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Templeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan, Miss Mary Scott and Captain Foulkes.

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## Marriage and Fishing

By PIERRE FROICHETTE

M

R. T. P. O'CONNOR, the noted London editor, who is famous for his pen portraits of men in the public eye, gives his impressions of the Premiers with whom he came in contact during the opening week of the Colonial Conference. He says:

General Botha looks farmer rather than soldier, and, of course, as everybody knows he was a farmer before he became a soldier, and remains a farmer to this day more than anything else. Some people said to me that he looked to them the typical and ideal Dutchman, such an one as you would find in one of the famous Dutch paintings, and possibly that is a true description. In spite of his height, he does suggest that squatness, that equality of breadth and length which is the characteristic of the Dutch figure; and the squarish face is also Dutch, and, above all, the curiously tranquil and phlegmatic expression which belongs to those of Dutch blood, wherever they may be. I am told that when he was in London before he was slimmer: he had still the scars and sorrows of the battle field upon him. Now he inclines to the stoutness of the *bon bourgeois* who has relapsed into the comforts of private life. But nobody who looked on the strong, stern, and genial face, could doubt that this man is a born soldier. The little, dark moustache, the small, dark imperial, also lend a certain foreignness of air to the face; in short, General Botha looks what he is—the man of Dutch blood, of heroic and stern courage, and at the same time of that genial and gay humor which is as characteristic of Dutch blood as their stern and tenacious powers of resisting what they consider wrong. He is level-headed above all things, and I am sure will make a very able, cool-headed, just, and conciliatory ruler.

It was not far from General Botha that I saw again my old friend, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was not alone, not even for a moment; he has too many old friends and acquaintances in London. And once you had seen his remarkable face you could never have any difficulty in recognizing him again, even at a quarter of a mile off. As I recently remarked in describing his personal appearance, the best description I ever heard of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was that of Mr. Ross, till recently Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier," said this rugged old Scotchman, "is a picture gallery all by himself." And certainly the face and figure of the Prime Minister of Canada is strikingly picturesque. Imagine a man with one of those perfect, but narrow, ovals, which are so representatively French, especially the French of the eighteenth century. Imagine, to suggest an example, the face of Voltaire, with a genial smile instead of the mocking sneer. Imagine also a tall, slight, willowy figure, typically French, for the Frenchman has strength without bulk, often muscles of steel underneath that spare frame of his. Imagine also the aureole of thin, white hair, and you have some idea of what Sir Wilfrid Laurier looks like. The rosy-tinted skin, so different from its pallor when he was here some years ago, shows that the illustrious ruler of Canada for these long series of years is in better health than he was during his last visit, and that he retains, in his sixty-sixth year, much of the fresh robustness of youth.

I was able to have but a few hurried words with Sir Wilfrid. I was struck again by that curious and pleasant mixture of accents and enunciation which shows his French origin and his British environment and career. There is a rounder, fuller, clearer enunciation than one finds in the full-blooded Englishman. The Englishman closes his lips too much sometimes in speaking for perfect enunciation; the Frenchman, perhaps owing to the character of his language, opens his lips without fear, and this gives a sort of oratorical rotundity—if I may use the phrase—to his utterance which makes it much easier to hear and understand. It was characteristic of Sir Wilfrid's loyalty to his country that he did not turn up at the brilliant dinner given by the Eighty Club, till he had first been present at a concert where a Canadian artist had to make his appearance. The speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier always have a certain glow and infectious ardor about them which bring an audience to its feet; it is the heritage of the literary race from which he springs.



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